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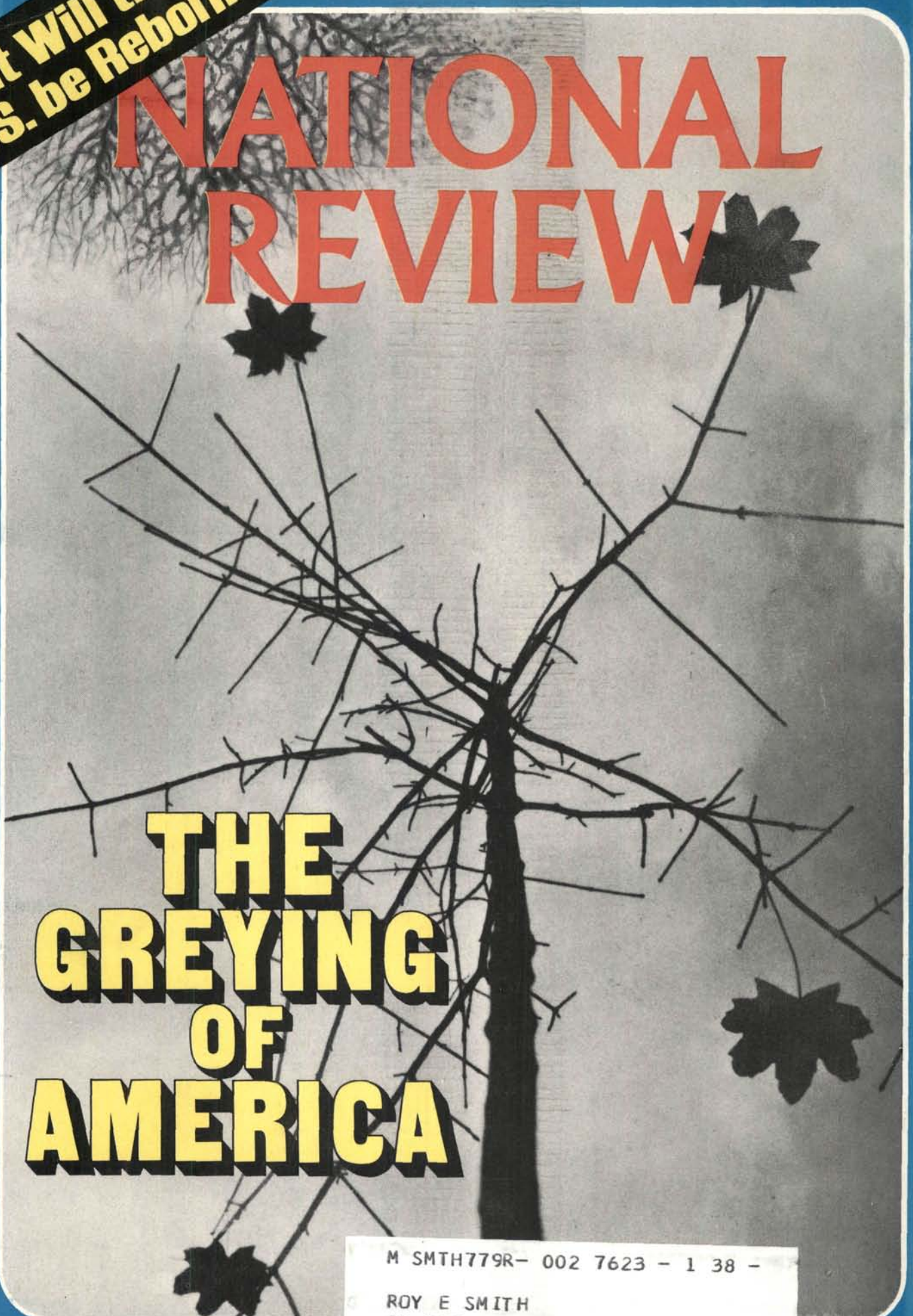

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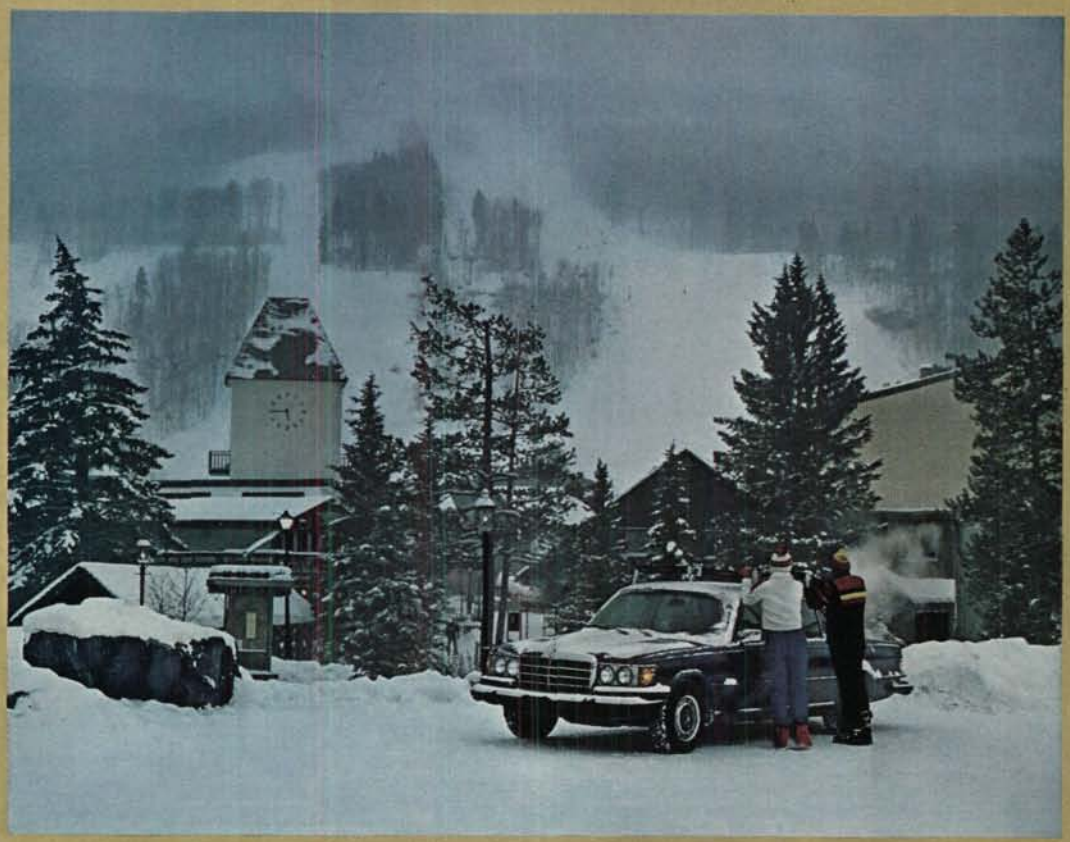

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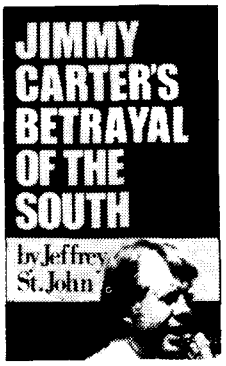

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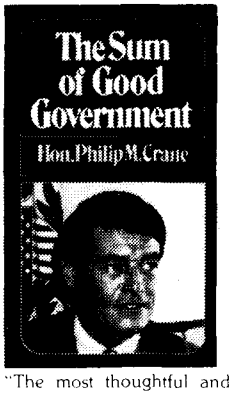

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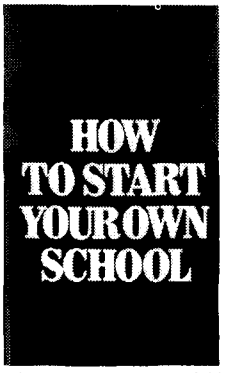

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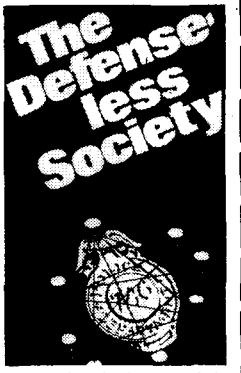

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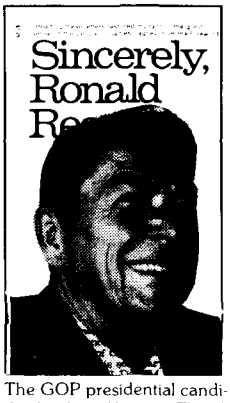

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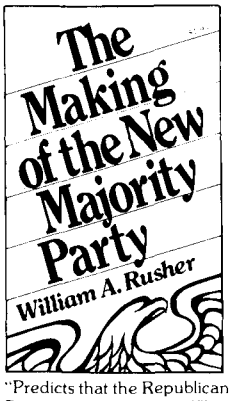

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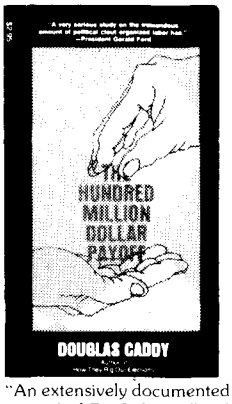

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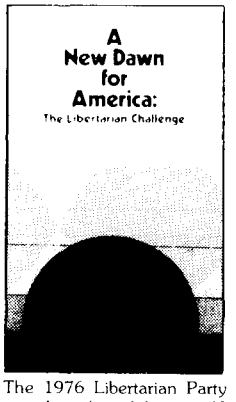

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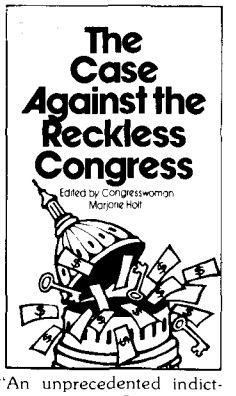

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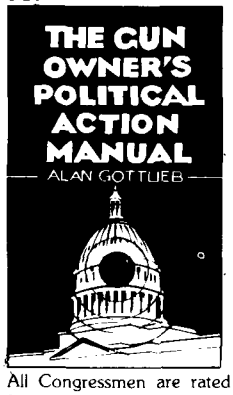

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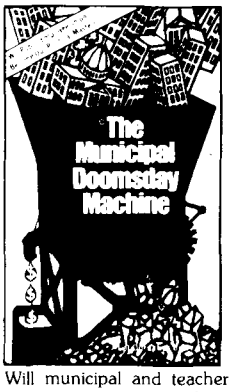

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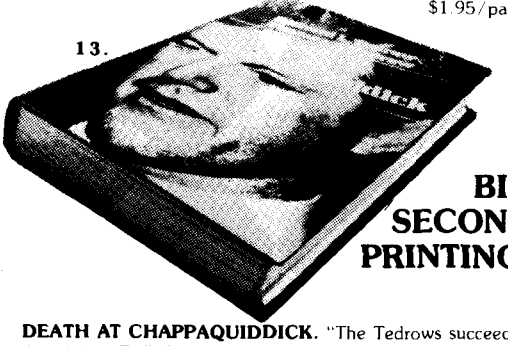

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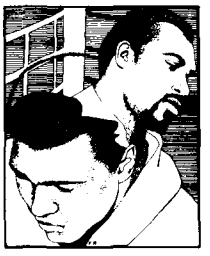

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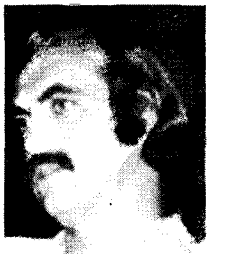

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One index of a civilization's health is its technological vitality. By that measure, the West is clearly in decline. Britain peaked in 1851; the U.S., it now appears, in 1971; and there is no successor in vigor to be seen. Can the trend be arrested, or is it an aspect of mortality, mysterious and incurable? *Jean Gimpel*

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A great university has abandoned the pursuit of value-free education: it has shown which forms of totalitarianism it will tolerate, which it will punish, forever.
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A plan to help save the cities, while keeping them honest. *Paul McGouldrick*

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Letters

Maximum Learning

Thank you for Jeffrey Hart's "The Minimum School" [Nov. 12], with its commonsense suggestion for helping to rescue liberal-arts education. Of course, the root problem is the educationists' dogma that *everyone*, regardless of talents or interests, has not only a right but a duty to undergo at least 12 years of formal education. If school is a duty, after all, it must be brought within reach; grading standards and even the material taught have had to change. Thus even the best students today are cut off from a good bit of Western civilization (remember when, not too long ago, the educated man was presumed to know Latin and Greek?). And the worst are barely students at all. Textbook publishers have to aim many of their junior-college texts at a "seventh/eighth-grade" level. Professors discover that seniors with A and B averages can't find the verb in a sentence, can't add and subtract.

And this is the crucial point: college is too late to *begin* teaching. That is why any serious attempt at reform must start with first grade. And Mr. Hart has part of the answer: eliminate all non-academic material, giving the schools less of the students' time and making them use it more seriously. As for what they should teach in those hours, one might use as a guide the great essays on education to which this article is a footnote: Dorothy Sayers' "The Lost Tools of Learning," for example (*NR*, August 1, 1959), and Douglas Bush's essays "The Humanities" and "Literature" (in *Engaged and Disengaged*).

New Haven, Conn. FRED ELLIOT

Detente Time

You are scaring me to death. Mr. O'Bryan's chilling cover construction on the September 3 issue should have warned me that I would find scant comfort inside. As you suggested on page 942, I did "Take a Look" all through the issue. And while your style beguiles me, your facts augur ill for the future of my growing family.

I don't like this world's madmen or their complacent fellow-travelers. Global evil boggles the mind and, after all, I can't afford to be boggled. You see, I have to come up with another bedtime story for six, tonight. I don't want to think of the Kremlin while I'm loading the drier.

But you would plunge me again into the sad, hurt despair I suffered while reading *Witness* so many years ago. What sustains me now? I've become a spiritual optimist. I even wear my St. Thomas sweatshirt to the folk mass. And so, *NR*, tell me, tell me. It's such good pain.

Scottsdale, Ariz. ALEXANDRA SIFERT

South Africa

The October 15 issue of *NR* reached me in Hong Kong, and it therefore is only now, after my return from a round-the-world trip which included a week in South Africa, that I am able to pay my respects to Laurence Salomon's "South Africa in Our Future."

It is an immensely far-sighted and thought-provoking article. To its main thesis, I would make only one addendum: There is no reason to assume that, if South Africa is driven to resort to nuclear weapons, it will confine its counterattacks to "Mozambique and Zimbabwe." Atomic bombs need not be delivered between continents by ballistic missiles; a couple of suitcases will do in a pinch. The day has passed, or will very shortly pass, when superpowers can coolly doom lesser nations with nuclear capability to extinction without fear of direct and extremely distasteful consequences to themselves.

Professor Salomon's article is withal so perceptive that its one lapse is, if possible, even more unforgivable than it would ordinarily be. To say that Afrikaners are "a stiff-necked, hypocritical, lying people" is not only (bad enough!) a false generalization; it is a species of intellectual shoddiness right on a par with "Jews are avaricious" and "Negroes are lazy."

New York, N.Y. WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Keelhaul

Concerning the letter [Oct. 1] from the Ukrainian deserter from the Red Army: I too have been an avid reader of yours, for over ten years now. I happen to be of Russian descent and both my wife and I have family in Russia, White Russia, and

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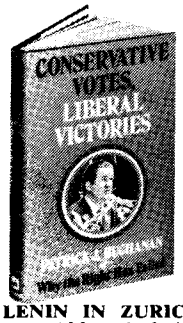

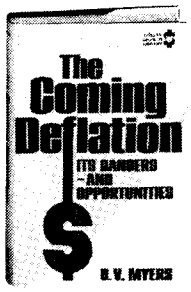

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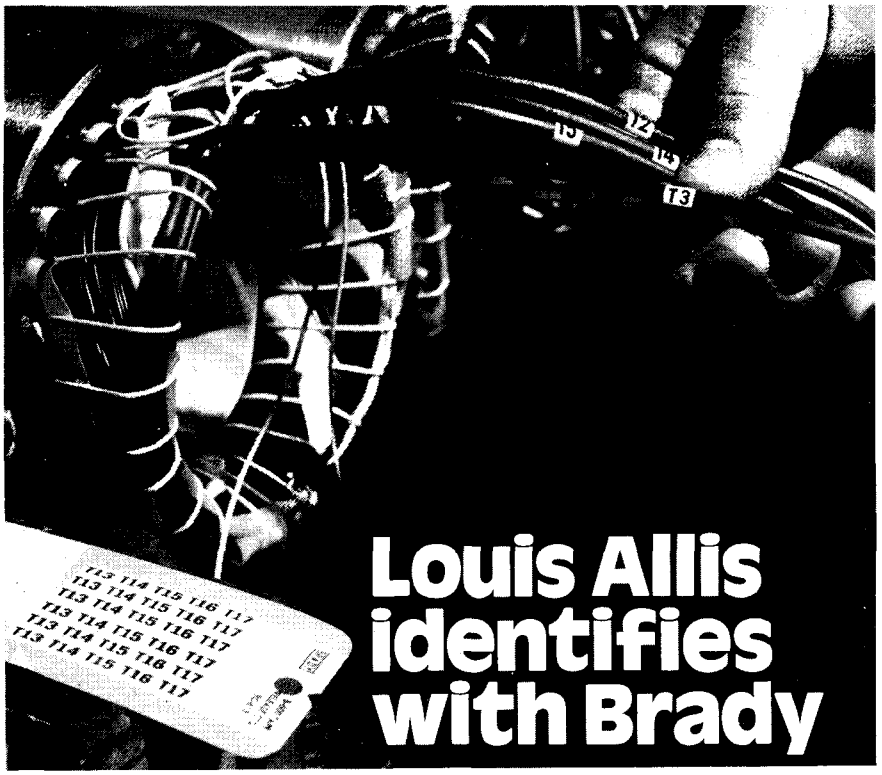

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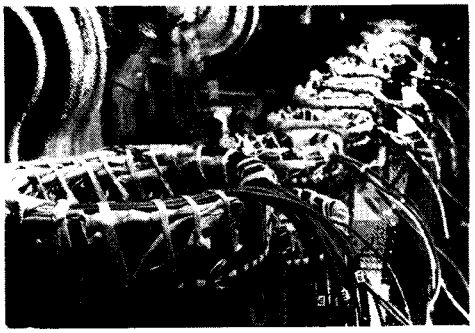

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the Ukraine. I'm lucky, being American-born, but my wife was a DP who was almost a victim of Operation Keelhaul. I thought that Operation Keelhaul had finished by 1956 but I see that it threatened your Ukrainian reader even then.

However, he says that the deserting "troops were Ukrainian, not Russian." This I cannot believe 100 per cent, since I know of Russians and White Russians who deserted in Hungary, as well as Ukrainians. In fact I know of a North Korean who fought our troops in Korea, went to Europe as a student, and ended up fighting with the Hungarian Freedom Fighters. He was also lucky and made his way to this country.

New York, N.Y. [NAME WITHHELD]

Nuclear Capacity

W. Standish Miller ["Letters," August 6] takes issue with two of my numbers pertaining to nuclear power. The first has to do with the generating capacity in being, or under construction. The following table has been prepared from two publications: *Nuclear Reactors Built or Planned as of June 30, 1975* (this is an ERDA publication); and NUREG-0030-7, July 1976, *Construction Status Report, Nuclear Power Plants* (known as the Yellow Book). The data through 1975 were obtained from ERDA; from 1976 onward, from the NUREG (Nuclear Regulatory Commission) publication.

NUCLEAR CAPACITY (1000S OF MEGAWATTS ELECTRICITY) AT END OF CALENDAR YEAR

Year	*Capacity Added*	*Cumulated Capacity*
1970		7.45
1971	2.3	9.75
1972	4.73	14.48
1973	8.29	22.77
1974	9.90	32.67
1975	8.37	41.04
1976	8.34	49.38
1977	8.04	57.42
1978	9.85	67.27
1979	7.62	74.89
1980	14.98	89.87
1981	17.33	107.20
1982	10.22	117.42

So Mr. Miller's 75,000 megawatts is incorrect and my 114,000 megawatts, while close, is too low. The figures for the years subsequent to 1975 are the best estimates as to when capacity now under construction will be brought on line. All of the listed capacity is under construction, not just planned.

As to fuel consumption, assuming that uranium and plutonium reprocessing will not be practiced, testimony by Wood at the Nuclear Regulatory Hearing in St. Francisville, La., in May 1976 (Docket Nos. 50-458 and 50-459) showed that the average electrical power production per short ton of yellowcake of the best reloads inserted in the latest operating plants is

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22 to 24 million kilowatt-hours. Herbert Feinroth, Chief of the Engineering and Planning Branch, Division of Reactor Research and Development, of the AEC (now ERDA), wrote a memorandum dated April 26, 1974 in which he stated that the lifetime yellowcake requirement to run a 1000-MWE plant is 6,600 tons, and that you could obtain 31.9 kWh/s.t. assuming uranium recycle. Without recycle, and assuming that the average reactor will do as well as the best reloads, then a requirement of 9,000 to 9,600 tons of yellowcake is indicated. When I wrote my letter, the available data consisted of performance figures from two small obsolete reactors. Since the May 1976 hearing, the data base has been expanded and now includes 12 modern reactors in addition to the two old ones. On this basis the 117,000-MWE lifetime fuel requirement is approximately 1.2 million tons of yellowcake. Our reserves, down to concentrations of only 0.02 per cent uranium, total approximately 600,000 tons with a possible error of plus or minus 20 per cent. The table indicates that the capacity that will use all of the reserves will be in operation early in 1978 (if schedules are met) or in late 1977 if the allowed-for slippages can be eliminated.

I have no references as to whether they even exist, or where the ores to yield 2.4 million tons of yellowcake are to be found. If he knows, Mr. Miller should immediately communicate with the Westinghouse Corporation and tell them where to find the 70,000 tons of yellowcake which they badly need to fulfill their commitments.

Baton Rouge, La. RAPHAEL G. KAZMANN
Department of Civil Engineering
Louisiana State University

Correction

Editing of my article ["Sociological 'Religion' versus Christianity," Oct. 29] produced some inaccuracies which should be noted for correction.

I did not say, "The bishops' conferences in most nations have failed to draw up uniform rules on matters of cheap grace, despite Vatican II's instructing them to do so."

My original statement began with what was published: sacramental reforms issued as a result of Vatican II make it clear that evangelization and *acceptance* of the gospel are necessary prerequisites for sacraments. I then said: "A sentence from the *Rite of Baptism for Children* will illustrate this: 'When parents are not yet prepared to profess the faith or to undertake the duty of bringing up their children as Christians, it is for the parish priest, keeping in mind whatever regulations may have been laid down by the conference of bishops, to determine the time for the baptism of infants.' (no. 8)

"The bishops in most nations have failed to draw up uniform rules on this matter

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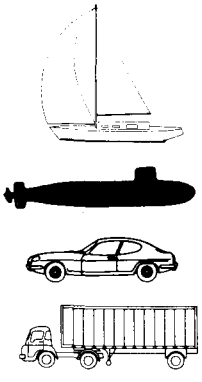

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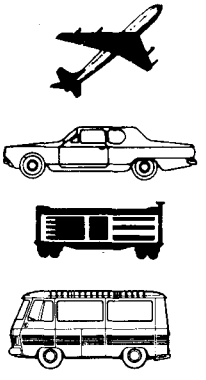

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and so there are plenty of 'cheap grace' parishes available to help 'sociological Catholics' rest secure in their ungodly living."

So no *order* has been given to bishops' conferences to draw up such rules. Rather, the *Rite* (a document issued not by, but in consequence of, Vatican II) assumes that—possibly, though not necessarily, after a period of observation—hierarchies will provide regulations for some minimum uniform policy in the dioceses under their jurisdiction. Such minimum regulations are vitally needed. Finally, the last sentence above ends as worded because I meant to echo a key question the editor omitted from the second Bonhoeffer citation: "What had happened to all those warnings of Luther's against preaching the gospel in such a manner as to make men rest secure in their ungodly living?"

Bronx, N.Y. (Rev.) John Lynch

God and Law

When I subscribed to *NR* I did not have the expectation of finding much religious copy per se. I receive many professional journals etc. which meet this need. But I was amazingly refreshed to read "God, Caesar, and the People" [Sept. 3] by Malachi B. Martin. His cause, the necessity of theism for true moral constitutionalism, must be crucial for our time. The impotency of secularism for instituting true "law" should be notorious, yet strangely it is not well recognized. Ever since Diderot and the French Encyclopedists experimented with arbitrary law, secularisms' mandates have sadly reflected the limitations (and the cruelties) of the human mind. It is at this point that conservatives, be they Roman Catholic, Jewish, or Protestant, should be in complete unanimity. They are theists and recognize that without the Divine there is really no place for man. I wish articles of the quality of Martin's could be found in all the religious journals of this land.

(Rev.) Richard E. Knodel Jr.

Volant, Pa.

When reference is made to the Founding Fathers' belief in God, it is pertinent to inquire what their beliefs were, and particularly who was their God or gods. *Vide* Franklin's call for prayers.

However interesting that subject, which should be pursued some time, I would now speak only of Malachi Martin's phrase, "the men who established this country as 'one nation under God,' " in his September 3 column.

Presumably Mr. Martin was quoting from the Pledge of Allegiance. But it was many years before the Pledge was amended by insertion of the words "under God." The quotation is not from the men who established this country.

Would that we were spiritually one nation under God. But addition of the phrase does not make it so.

San Bernardino, Calif. Lloyd Buchanan

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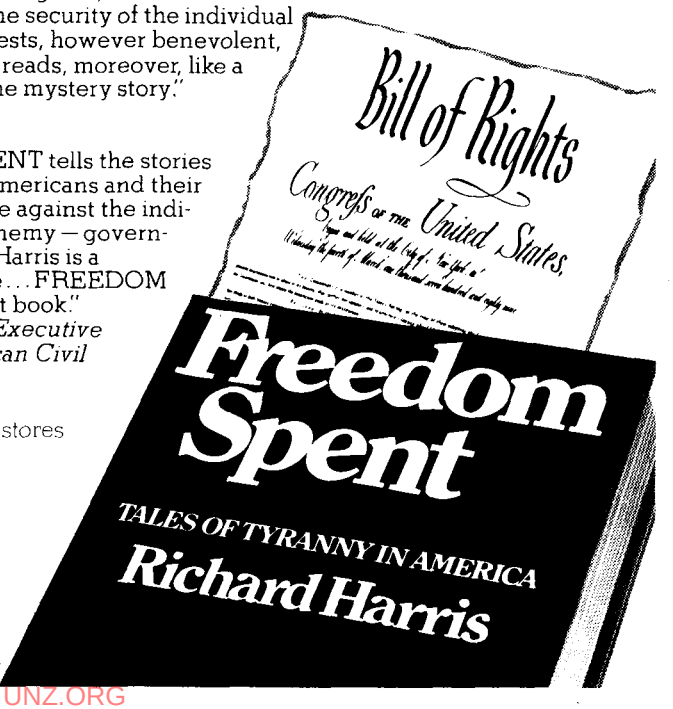

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To generate the light carried by the fibers, they developed a tiny, solid-state laser smaller than a grain of salt. (Today's design is expected to operate continuously for ten years or more.)

To put information onto the light beam, they designed equipment that turns the tiny laser on and off millions of times a second.

And they developed repeaters to regenerate the light signal along its way, as well as photodetectors at the receiving end to convert the light back into an electrical signal that can travel throughout the telephone network.

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To keep it that way, one of the things we're doing is seeing to it that before long you'll be hearing the light.

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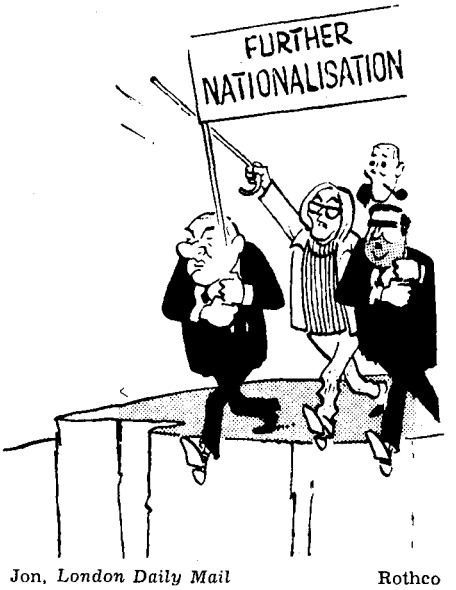
FOR THE RECORD

■ How some of the cookies crumbled: Between 1952 and 1964 **union members** and their families regularly voted 60 per cent strong for the Democratic presidential candidate. In 1968, according to Prof. **Robert Axelrod**, in a three-way race with **George Wallace**, that vote slipped to 51 per cent; in 1972, wide distrust of **George McGovern** pushed union families into the Republican columns; the Democrats got only 45 per cent of that vote. This year it was back up to 60 per cent as **George Meany** and the AFL-CIO high command, helped by sophisticated computerized lists, herded union members back into the Democratic fold. . . . It was the **independents** who, in the end, made the difference, and a massive poll on election day indicates that 25 per cent of the independent voters made up their minds between **Carter** and **Ford** in the last five days of the race. . . . Of the big pollsters, **Roper** was the closest—and very close indeed—in its projections. It gave Carter 51 per cent of the vote, Ford 47, and independents two. Wednesday's still incomplete count was: Carter 51, Ford 48, and independents one. . . . But that independent vote—**Eugene McCarthy**'s 1 per cent—may have cost Jimmy Carter Iowa, Maine, and Oklahoma in those wafer-thin Ford victories, and **Lester Maddox**' 1 per cent almost cost Ford California. . . . It was so close that **Ladbroke's** was quoting 5 to 6 odds on both Carter and Ford right before the election.

■ It was give some, take some in the gubernatorial races: In Illinois, **James R. Thompson** took on Mayor **Daley**'s machine and made mincemeat of it, winning the gubernatorial race handily. . . . A well-known name in Delaware helped forge a victory for Republican **Pierre S. du Pont IV,** and **Meldrim Thomson**, easily the most conservative governor of them all, won his re-election contest in New Hampshire. . . . No one was much surprised by **John D. Rockefeller IV**'s win in West Virginia—Jay is the Democratic Rockefeller—but **Dixy Lee Ray**'s big (10-percentage-point) victory in Washington resulted from a final fortnight's surge. Mrs. Ray is the nation's second woman governor; the other is Connecticut's **Ella Grasso**.



Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rotheo

"The show must go on!"

■ Party breakdown in both the **House** and the **Senate** is almost exactly what it was November 1—different cast but same party composition. . . . Most of 79 **Democratic freshmen** who landed in Congress in 1974 in the wake of Watergate won re-election. . . . There will be 18 **women** in the 96th Congress—one less than in the 95th—but all 17 members of the **Black Caucus** were re-elected. . . . Congressional scandals had a mixed effect. Rep. **Allan Howe**'s arrest in Salt Lake City, on charges that he had approached two policewomen posing as prostitutes, meant an end to his political career, but in Michigan, Democratic Rep. **Don Riegle**, whose extramarital affair was widely publicized, went on to win the senatorial election. . . . Tennessee sent to Congress a freshman with a well-known name, Democrat **Albert Gore Jr.** . . . And in California, war protestor **David Harris**, former husband of **Joan Baez**, lost his bid for the seat of war protestor Republican Rep. **Pete McCloskey**. . . . In San Juan, Mayor **Carlos Romero Barcelo**, who advocates eventual statehood for Puerto Rico, won an unexpected gubernatorial victory. The Puerto Rican independence parties (*nota bene*, United Nations) racked up just about 5 per cent of the vote. . . . And **Mississippi** came out of the campaign year as a state with unusual leverage. It was the Mississippi delegation in Kansas City that ended up sinking the **Reagan** candidacy; it was Mississippi that provided Jimmy Carter the last handful of electoral votes—seven—he needed to go over the 270 mark. . . . Lester Maddox' **American Independent Party** wound up with under 200,000 votes. No reports, as we went to press, on the showing of Roger MacBride's **Free Libertarians**.

■ **Henry Kissinger**'s vote may or may not have been recorded. The courier he sent to Boston on Friday, October 29, to pick up his absentee ballot was told that Massachusetts law specified that the ballot had to be mailed. . . . The *National Enquirer* came through with the real clincher, a story proving that **Richard Nixon** and Gerald Ford were blood relatives—Nixon being Ford's ninth cousin, three times removed, through a common progenitor, the Reverend **Stephen Batchelder**, who was "excommunicated on charges of immorality" in New England in 1632. . . . And our awards for the best joke and the best bumper sticker of the season: the lady who was reminded that "fame is fleeting" by her waiter, **Earl Butz**, and the sticker: HONK WHEN THE ELECTION IS OVER.

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Memo to: all NR (and WFB) fans*

From: Jim McFadden

Re: WFB's new book

We have something special here. Last year, Bill Buckley made a dream-of-a-lifetime transatlantic crossing aboard the yacht Cyrano (Miami to Gibraltar, via the Azores). He has now written a marvellous account of it all, due out this November, and titled "Airborne" (who but Bill would call a sea-book that?). It is big, unforgettable, and costly, as all books are nowadays (it will sell for $12.95 -- and it will sell!).

My problem is this: a) I can't imagine, for the life of me, anybody reading this who will not want to own this once-in-a-lifetime book -- you'll thoroughly enjoy every page of it -- but b) our normal practice for this kind of thing has been to offer books with your renewal (or new) subscription. In this case, that amounts to quite a bit. But, as I say, I know you'll want the book. So we've come up with the following "compromise" solution: in this special case, we will accept 18-issue renewals (some 9 months) and send you this $12.95 book at a total of $6.95 off the regular price (which means that you can get this wonderful book at less than half the price you would have to pay for it in your bookstore).

Why will you want the book? For more reasons than I can list here. It is a unique (i.e., Buckley's own) description of a truly memorable sea voyage. But it is a great deal more than that. In my judgment, it's simply the best book he's written ever, a revealing log-book of what interests him: ideas, personalities, problems, arguments, anecdotes and even family stories (son Christopher's Great Treasure Hunt is a classic). Like Moby Dick, it will tell you a lot more about a lot of things than you ever thought you wanted to know -- and you'll love every word of it (my wife, who grabbed my proof-copy and couldn't put it down, suggested the subtitle "All that you wanted to know about Bill Buckley but couldn't ask" -- not true, of course, but still accurate!). There's even a heavenly treatise on celestial navigation. Really.

How can you get it? Simply by using the card facing this page right now. Here's the offer: renew (or subscribe) now for 18 big issues of National Review -- that's a $13.50 value at the regular rate. You'll get this invaluable $12.95 book along with your subscription -- both for just $19.95. That means you save a total of $6.50 on the book and your renewal (or new) order, provided you don't delay: we must place an advance order for these books (only a big-quantity purchase can provide the kind of savings we are passing on to you here). So act now. You will never forgive yourself if you miss this one. Nobody else is going to offer you this big new book at such a bargain rate. And you'll also have NR's unduplicated coverage throughout the early months of the new administration too (no matter who wins November 2, it's going to be a new ballgame in Washington next year, and no magazine in America can tell you about it better than National Review).

Right now, before something distracts you, use the card facing this page -- be one of the first to own this remarkable new book (and save $6.50 too).

*P.S.: When I wrote the above I was looking at proofs: I have now seen an advance copy of the book itself -- it is filled with stunning pictures (many in truly glorious color) that alone would make this book a must for any Buckley fan -- or sailing fan for that matter! I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you didn't end up framing the dust jacket! Beautiful.

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THE WEEK

■ Jerry Ford was right. New York City *should* drop dead.

■ At his Nobel press conference, Saul Bellow was informed that President Ford had called the American sweep of the prizes this year evidence that this country fosters intellectual achievement. "Somebody must have told President Ford that," replied the novelist, "because I don't think he would have discerned it for himself." Poor Jerry Ford. He is a bit gauche, gauche enough to take Nobel Prizes without irony, not to mention Helsinki. We've already suggested what he should have said about Eastern Europe. About the Nobel Prize he should have said, with a languid yawn, "All very well, but I don't think these gentlemen are necessarily the highest representatives of the American genius," and dared Bellow to sneer *that* one off.

■ The Passamaquoddy and Penobscot Indian tribes want their land back. They are suing the state of Maine for having illegally bargained away 12 million acres of ancestral forests in violation of the Federal Non-intercourse Act of 1790. The case has already thrown the state government off balance, blocking the sale of millions of dollars' worth of municipal bonds and casting some uncertainty on the ownership of entire towns. The possibilities are infinite. We could end up with Indians demanding Manhattan, criminally acquired for a few strings of beads. (Better yet, we could demand the beads back, having gotten the raw end of that deal.) Isn't there a statute of limitations on our atrocities against native Americans?

■ "Dole is the best man at sidelong vicious swipes since Nixon. It is terrifying to think that he might be one shark-heartbeat away from the Presidency after November." Thus Garry Wills, in his syndicated column, and even though it was Halloween we doubt that he was really "terrified."

■ The Court of Appeals has spoken, and it won't be long before you can listen to the Watergate tapes at home on your stereo, in the car on eight-track, or at the beach on cassettes. (The libretto is already available.) At first the interest will be mostly prurient. But later, we suspect, the recordings will assume a nostalgic flavor: a few months of His Sanctimony may make the nation a little wistful about the passing of the heyday of devilry.

■ John Ehrlichman is in prison at last. Nobody expects the place to rehabilitate him. His crimes were nonviolent, and anyway he will never get the chance to repeat them. Nor is it clear that locking him up will deter other office-holders from abuse of power, at least no more than the prospect of ruin and disgrace deters them. Nor would his freedom to roam the streets endanger anyone. He thus represents—one would think—a sort of test case for the sincerity of those pundits who deny that the public order is served when the law simply punishes. Telegrams should be addressed to the Ehrlichman Commutation Appeal, Anthony Lewis, Chairman.

■ The Arab summit in Riyadh gives some signs that the fighting in Lebanon is finally drawing to a close. The contestants—most obviously the Lebanese themselves, who have done most of the dying—are at last getting tired of bloodshed and destruction. Syria has the upper hand in the fighting, and will have a continuing key role in the settlement; but Syria, though seeking to discipline, does not want to destroy the Palestine Liberation Organization or the left-wing Moslem forces. Saudi Arabia has now taken the lead that becomes possible through its ascendancy in the Arab world.

■ "LAGOS, NIGERIA. Bayo and thousands like him, students, professionals, and technicians—people who have studied or worked abroad and end up staying there—are becoming a cause of concern to Nigeria and other African countries. They are the 'brain drain' of developing nations. . . . Nigeria has begun a campaign to repatriate the professionals and executives living abroad. . . . So far, the campaign has not been a great success." (*New York Times*, November 1.)

■ It doesn't look as if Mao's death will result in any change of relations between China and its number one enemy. Hua Kuo-feng rejected Leonid Brezhnev's brief note of congratulations on his appointment as Party Chairman; likewise the messages of condolence on Mao's death which Brezhnev sent last month. Supposedly, Moscow is still waiting for a positive gesture from its Chinese neighbor, but apart from the diplomatic

Inside Sweden

Sweden's foreign minister,
Incidentally, a "her,"
Says her country can't abide
Cape Town and its *apartheid*.
Karin Soder loves to scream
At South Africa's regime,
Urging all to pass 'em by—
Unlike Cuba. (Ay! Ay! Ay!)
Back in Sweden, no one snaps
At a *soul* . . . except the Lapps.

W. H. VON DREELE

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form letters, it has done nothing to suggest a change in its own attitude. Soviet troops remain clustered along the Chinese border. The Soviets make no effort to resolve the border disputes. They have made no new overtures for improving trade relations between the two nations. Thus the latest message may be the usual capitalist-roader ploy—courting rejection, and using that as proof of Peking's unneighborliness.

■ We are at our wits' end about the brain drain in Nigeria.

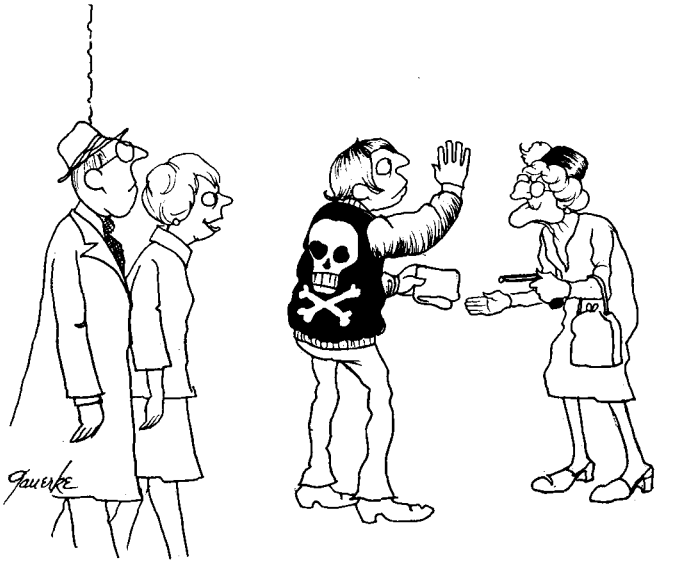
■ The Shah of Iran has returned to the Soviet Union a pilot who flew a plane across the border in search of political asylum. Acting under a Soviet-Iranian hijacking agreement, the Emperor ignored a letter from Andrei D. Sakharov and four other Russian dissidents which argued on the pilot's behalf that "He did not use violence, he did not put anybody's life at risk but his own, and in our opinion his action could not possibly be classified as air piracy."

■ And I say if we can put a man on the moon, we can do something about the brain drain in Nigeria.

■ One more African territory—Transkei—has achieved independence, although few are willing to acknowledge it. Transkei, like Swaziland, Botswana, and Lesotho, is an enclave of land almost completely surrounded by South Africa, and the United Nations General Assembly has pronounced it a puppet no self-respecting government should have anything to do with. The other South African enclave states are members of the UN, probably because they received their independence from Britain rather than from South Africa, but Transkei is not likely to join them there, even though the first thing its new prime minister did was to condemn South African racial policy. The United States says that although it does not intend to have official relations with Transkei, it thinks it "unwise to preclude contacts with any elements of the South African population who desire social justice and equality." So what exactly does that mean?

■ We can, we must, and we will do something about the brain drain in Nigeria.

■ A long three days' *Walpurgisnacht* was held in Detroit recently: a "call to action" conference of Catholics described by a *New York Times* writer as "a departure in dialogue," the proclaimed goal of which was to formulate a Five Year Plan of social action. If the terminology sounds suspiciously secular, then so was the conference: the emphasis was almost entirely upon people's wants and had very little to do with anything more ghostly than the carnal desire by the proponents of those wants to get the stamp of official Church approval, however illegitimate that approval might be, upon the right of priests to take wives; of women—the Church's "sacrificial lambs"



"It's about time senior citizens went on the offensive in the war against crime."

—to have abortions; of heterosexuals "to form their own consciences" on the matter of birth control; of women to receive ordination. Delegates lobbied and yelled "Madame chairperson, Madame chairperson!" at one another. Altogether, God was conspicuously absent from the proceedings in Detroit. Perhaps He will be more in evidence when the Conference of Bishops convenes to consider the validity of the Five Year Plan.

■ Ask Pat Moynihan what he is going to do about the brain drain in Nigeria.

■ Clip out this paragraph, staple it to a postcard, and airmail it to Secretary, Rhodesian Settlement Conference, Palace of Nations, Geneva, Switzerland: Vijaya Pandit, Nehru's sister and a respected Indian leader, has said she is "profoundly troubled" by the curtailing of civil liberties in India. "It is far more repressive today, in many ways, that it was under the British."

■ It is a disgrace to the human race that we are not doing anything about the brain drain in Nigeria.

■ Our mentors, who have been scolding us so severely for being too apathetic to get out on election day to cast our ballots, can take comfort from the figures for Czechoslovakia's October 24 election. *That* was a model of civic responsibility. The turnout at the polls beat the old record by 0.25 per cent: 99.70 per cent of registered voters (which are every adult) as against 99.45 per cent at the last general election five years ago. What's more, there is no law making it compulsory to vote. True, there is only one slate of candidates, but if you want to show displeasure with the way things are you can vote No or abstain, and that's what 45,000 out of the ten and a half million voters did.

■ The Supreme Court of Ohio has ruled in a 6 to 0 de-

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cision that the right to religious freedom takes precedence over state minimum standards of education, thereby making perceptibly smoother the rough road along which proponents of "Christian Schools" are traveling. These schools differ from the more traditional parochial schools by virtue of the fact that most of them are established by fundamentalists or evangelicals. In their teaching, they reject "secular humanism," basing their instruction squarely upon the Bible. The executive director of the National Christian School Education Association, Mr. Roy W. Lowrie Jr., says, "I think we've crossed the bridge of no return and I don't think public schools will be Christianized. People are realizing more and more the difference between public school now and before. They realize they get only one chance to educate their children and are turning to an alternative."

■ And I say to you, do not ask what Nigeria can do for you, ask what you can do for the brain drain in Nigeria.

Carter

I. The Meaning of His Campaign

Despite many pronouncements to the effect that the 1976 election was a boring one, precisely the opposite is true, at least for those who do not confuse politics with theater. G. K. Chesterton once remarked that the most important event in English history was one that did not occur, i.e., an English revolution on the model of the French. Similarly, the most important thing about the period between the New Hampshire primary in February and the voting last Tuesday was something that failed to occur: the Democratic Party did not split, despite vast internal contradictions on the issues.

Last March, an article in NATIONAL REVIEW plausibly foresaw such a split in the Democratic Party. The year 1976, it observed, "may make it clear that the Democratic Party *no longer exists*, that it has become two distinct and irreconcilable parties—what might be called a 'Wallace Party' and a 'Udall Party.' It is becoming less and less likely that these two parties can coalesce around some traditional liberal such as Hubert Humphrey or Scoop Jackson, or a new face like Jimmy Carter. The Udall Party is no-growth, ecological, women's liberationist, and oriented toward minority causes at home and Third Worldism abroad. The Wallace Party is nationalist and socially conservative. The Udall Party represents the 'new class' of academics, communicators, social-service bureaucrats, and professionals. The Wallace Party is middle- and lower-middle-class."

Jimmy Carter's large achievement has been to prevent just such a split from occurring, at least for the critical months before the election, but he paid a high price along the way. His strategic necessity, to avoid a split, imposed upon him a tactical vulnerability: to flee as if they were the plague all serious issues. Carter from the start recognized that any commitment on the issues was divisive and potentially fatal to his candidacy. A clear stand on anything important would inevitably break away large chunks of his constituency.

Carter dealt with these exigencies as best he could, like a man tip-toeing along the third rail. He came out for defense cuts and for military strength, for detente and for toughness with the Soviets, against abortion but also against any effective prohibition of it, for large social spending but for a balanced budget and no tax rise. Essentially faking—because he *had* to fake—on all of these policy directions, he tried to focus the campaign on his own character and personality. Whatever judgment one may wish to render on his success in this aspect, it is difficult to see what other options were open to him.

It is also difficult to argue that Carter has been weaker as a candidate than some other contender would have been. Almost certainly, a Humphrey, Udall, or Bayh candidacy would have forfeited the South completely and run into problems elsewhere. Wallace and, to a smaller degree, Jackson would have split off the liberals and probably precipitated a serious third party on the Left. In terms of national strategy, Carter was almost certainly the strongest possible Democrat among the leading contenders.

His campaign, however, suffered—one is tempted to say inevitably—a thousand wounds. In the period between the end of the primaries and the beginning of the presidential debates, he obviously calculated that the greatest danger to his candidacy lay in the Udall Party. He gave these Democrats everything but the family silver in Plains: the Mondale nomination, the platform, the acceptance speech, Proposition 14, anti-right to work, Humphrey-Hawkins. The Udall Party remained sullen, many of them explaining, as Election Day approached, that they were really voting for Mondale (that Titan) who constituted the only difference between the two tickets. In countless ways, Robert Dole was depicted as the Nixon/Agnew vice presidential surrogate—the Man Worth Voting Against for the left-Democrats.

In the process of propitiating the feared Udall Party, however, Carter almost went too far. He saw Middle America rapidly slipping away from him. He fell like a

Career Criminals

New Orleans has a system
  For hoodlums who repeat:
They punch their records in a card—
  Thence to a print-out sheet.
When judges scan the data
  And repetition's rife,
Unlike their New York counterparts,
  They send them up for life.

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stone in the polls—the most precipitous drop in electoral history, according to George Gallup. In dire straits, as the relatively passive Ford began to surge, Carter suddenly shifted to the right. In the second presidential debate, he attacked Ford on detente, on Solzhenitsyn, on Kissinger, on Panama, on Arab oil boycotts. This temporarily halted the Ford surge, but at the price of further ambiguity in the Carter image. The voters had seen Carter, the New Carter of Madison Square Garden, and then the New New Carter of the last days of the campaign. Sinking again as the voting approached, the only question that remained on November 2 was whether he would stumble across the finish line, a crippled hare now in a virtual tie with a stumbling tortoise.

II. His Future

The task of holding the Democratic Party together through November 2 pales in comparison with the political problems President Carter will face next January. As the primaries and then the pattern of his electoral victory abundantly demonstrated, Carter is a profoundly Southern phenomenon. He chose to run his national campaign from Atlanta. Most of his staff and all of his closest advisors are Georgians. To the likes of John Kenneth Galbraith, the Carter organization sends form-letter rejection slips.

Talk of the rebirth of the Old New Deal Coalition, moreover, is largely Establishment eyewash. The modern Sunbelt of 1976, which gave rise to the Carter phenomenon, is a far cry from the rural, bankrupt, ignorant, hookworm- and pellagra-infested region of the Thirties and Erskine Caldwell's novels. The Sunbelt today is the fastest growing region of the country in wealth, population, manufacturing, investment, and suburbanization. As a national focus of power it looms as the principal rival of the old Northeastern urban-labor configuration, which fell in behind Carter only very late and grudgingly.

In the absence of Watergate, a transformed Republican Party under John Connally or perhaps Ronald Reagan almost certainly would have harnessed the Sunbelt phenomenon. Watergate, however, created the opportunity now seized by Carter. Still, when Carter has to face as President the policy decisions he could fudge during the campaign, the divided character of the Democratic Party will surface with a vengeance. The ingredients for internecine warfare remain only too obvious.

The Democratic leaders in Congress are New Deal Bourbons; they have learned little and forgotten nothing. Hubert Humphrey and Henry Jackson epitomize the type; Walter Mondale is a younger carbon copy. He even *looks* like the Hubert of twenty years ago. As outsiders to the Washington Establishment, outsiders purporting to advance new ideas about "reorganization" and "better management," Carter and his Atlanta friends could easily find themselves at loggerheads with the potentates on Capitol Hill and in the permanent bureaucracy.

The potentiality also exists for an ideological liberal-Left revolt against Carter. During the campaign, it is worth noting, Carter had some harsh things to say about the media and, in an unguarded moment, about Joseph Rauh–ADA types. Carter has never been popular in the academy. Because of fiscal realities, he will almost certainly have to draw back from most or all of his liberal social-spending commitments, and when he does so, the liberal bloc in Congress and the liberals in the media and in the academy can be expected to turn against him. In Sacramento, Governor Jerry Brown now sulks like Achilles in his tent, visibly bored with state politics, eager to step forward as a focus of Democratic discontent with Carter. Even now Brown is probably planning a challenge to Carter in the 1980 primaries. Carter managed to solve the problem of Democratic contradictions in his campaign for election, solved it just barely—but his problems are only beginning.

III. And the GOP

Kansas City constituted a watershed for the Republican Party. It was a conservative Convention, almost entirely so, but its conservatism was incompletely defined, and it ended by nominating in Gerald Ford a genial Chamber-of-Commerce style conservative possessing little sense of the Sunbelt phenomenon and less grasp of the politics of the 1970s. In the dynamic Sunbelt, Ford was clobbered first by Reagan and then by Carter. That, in itself, tells much of the story of the 1976 election. Prior to Watergate, Nixon—himself no very astute politician, despite the reputation he once had for cleverness—had been groping his way uncertainly toward some New Majority themes. Because of the historic failure of the GOP, first with Watergate and then with Ford, the initiative now passes to Carter.

Opportunities for the Republicans or perhaps for some successor political party necessarily wait upon Carter's choice of direction. It is conceivable that Carter will move leftward, to appease incompletely reconciled and always mutinous liberals. He did try to move leftward during the middle stages of the campaign, courting electoral disaster. He may try to do so again. But should he take that course, his Sunbelt support will begin to melt like a snowball on the main street of Plains, Georgia. Whichever way he goes, he is bound to lose some support. Stay tuned for the off-year elections of 1978.

IV. And the Economy

Nobody can object to policies that would result in faster economic growth and lower unemployment. But there is considerable doubt, even among President-elect Carter's advisors, that traditional methods of stimulating consumption will have the intended effect of increasing production rather than prices.

Carter's dilemma is illustrated by his campaign promise simultaneously to increase spending, cut taxes, and balance the budget. Carter maintained his incredibility

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A Short History of the No Party

It was after the presidential elections of 1976 that the nation's voting laws were changed so that citizens could vote *No* and, further, amended to read that if a *majority* of them voted *No*, the election was declared invalid and a new one was held. Before this bold change was made, the only way a voter could vote against a candidate or candidates, of course, was to vote for the one he disliked the least or not to vote at all.

The first test of the new law came in 1980 (and 1981) when seven elections were held and not one presidential candidate made it to the White House. A grim nation entered its second year without a President as the riddled Democratic and Republican Parties each desperately searched for a candidate who might get more *Yes* votes than *No*.

Finally, after three more *No* elections, the two shattered parties, in a move that electrified a nervous nation, merged and nominated Ford Carter Reagan for President, a man they affectionately nicknamed Ike at first, then JFK, and finally Apple Pie.

The result is well known: With no opposition, Apple Pie received 73.9 per cent *No* votes.

The country might never have had another President if the No Party had not been formed shortly afterward. It nominated, of course, Nobody for President on the first ballot.

It was a tumultuous scene as Nobody took the rostrum to make his acceptance speech. The convention hall alternately rang with the familiar chant, "We want Nobody!" and the campaign songs, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen" and "Nobody Loves Me."

The candidate, a confident smile on his featureless face, raised a hand for silence. "I wanta be President," he said in his flat monotone, "because the pay's good and the power's better."

His words brought down the house. "Nobody's honest!" some delegates shouted. "Nobody's perfect!" others cheered.

The candidate once again stilled the cheers. "As I start my campaign, I'm beholden to no man. By the time it's over, though, I'll be beholden to millions—the poor for their votes and the rich for their money."

"Who can you trust?" cried an ecstatic voice in the throng.

"Nobody!" bawled the happy crowd.

"I pledge a soft-hitting, clever, fuzzy campaign, designed solely to win," said Nobody. "I'm gonna duck all controversial issues at all times. And as the only real Nobody in the race, I promise you that I haven't the faintest idea in the world of how to run the country."

"Who will keep his promises?" cried a swooning voice. "Nobody!" came the roar.

"Who," bellowed another voice, "will provide the wise, experienced, honest, courageous, decisive leadership this great nation needs?"

"Nobody! Nobody! Nobody!"

The rest is history. Nobody captured the mood of the nation.

---

by talking about a $60-billion surplus that he alone expects to see within a few years—enough to finance about half of his new spending plan if tax rates were untouched. Achieving any surplus, however, would require several years of implausibly rapid real growth, plus the effect of chronic inflation in pushing more and more people into higher and higher tax brackets. Unfortunately, ever-increasing tax rates are hardly conducive to rapid growth, and a surplus generated by steeper taxes only makes it easier for impoverished businesses and individuals to borrow to pay their tax bills.

As the economy moves into the third year of recovery, the remaining trouble spots suggest the obvious remedies. There is an obvious need to increase plant and equipment expenditures—partly because of their importance to the depressed metals industries, but mainly to provide the productive capacity to keep up with demand at stable prices. There is also room for improvement in housing, despite the sharp increase recently in housing starts.

Interest rates are important, especially long-term interest rates. Factories and houses are not built on short-term credit. The government can bring interest rates down by reducing its own borrowing—i.e., reducing the budget deficit and borrowing by off-budget agencies. That would also make it easier for the Federal Reserve to reduce the rate of growth of the money supply. And *pace* Carter's most confused advisor, Lawrence Klein, slower monetary expansion always reduces inflation expectation and thereby reduces interest rates. That is why even short-term interest rates have been running around 12 per cent in Britain, where the third-quarter money supply was 17 per cent above a year ago, while interest rates have been below 2 per cent in Switzerland, where money growth has been persistently austere.

An increase in government spending might provide a short-run stimulus to demand, but it would also be a long-run drag on supply—displacing productive private uses of resources and reducing rewards for productive effort. Channeling more federal money into regions with high unemployment, as Carter has suggested, would just subsidize the movement of industry to inefficient areas —places with onerous taxation or destructive labor unions. Since the cost would be borne by areas that provide a favorable climate for workers to work and for employers to employ, the message to state and local officials would be perverse.

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A tax reduction, on the other hand, could generate more employment (and more taxable income) if it were structured to increase the rewards for providing more and better labor and capital. Ending the double taxation of dividends would be such a reform, as would be indexing or lowering the higher marginal tax brackets that penalize additions to income and output. If the purpose is to stimulate real production, the windfall of a tax rebate will not work, nor will a tax cut confined to the least productive individuals. And there is no surer way to reduce employment than by imposing heavier taxes on employers' payrolls, and using the proceeds to finance government jobs for the unemployed and retirement benefits.

In short, if President Carter is serious about promoting more rapid economic growth he will have to shrink the public sector in order to give the voluntary sector some room to breathe. That means tax cuts to encourage effort and investment, spending cuts to reduce the Treasury's waste of scarce capital, and a stable monetary and regulatory environment to minimize the paralyzing uncertainty of an unstable dollar and of whimsical changes in the rules of the game.

V. And Foreign Policy

In no field is President-elect Carter more untried than the field of foreign policy. Nowhere has he had less experience; in no domain are his ideas less specific or his path less sure. He knows that he wants to adopt a different tone, but he has no genuinely new ideas of substance, as the campaign debates showed. He will have to buckle down to this immense and difficult dossier at once, for of all presidential responsibilities, foreign policy is the one that clamors most loudly and insistently for continuity of leadership.

Clearly, there will be no immediate changes in the post-inaugural period. Carter may be expected to continue policy lines that have guided the United States steadily for the last ten years at least—balance of power with the Soviet Union and further detente where possible; maintenance of the quest for nuclear disarmament; efforts to intensify cooperation with Western Europe and Japan; greater economic assistance to the Third World; wider openings toward China; and the keeping of peace in the Middle East with firm guarantees of Israel's enduring integrity and independence. Carter's policy will very probably be, in a phrase widely quoted before the election, one that Mr. Kissinger can "live with."

Mr. Carter can no doubt turn his inexperience to some advantage. Except for Yugoslavia, where he foolishly promised not to send troops in the event of a post-Tito Soviet invasion, he has made no real commitments. The foreign-affairs establishment has been poring over the written and spoken words of Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski of Columbia University, who has the titular role of chief foreign-policy advisor to Mr. Carter (in this connection, the presence of former Defense Secretary James Schlesinger in Mr. Carter's councils is seen as a conservative counterweight). Professor Brzezinski has given form to some interesting ideas about America's future role which hold that traditional liberty and equality of opportunity are no longer enough to satisfy the world: equality of material condition will be the goal from now on. He also thinks that we have much fence-mending to do with our allies in Europe in order to replace Kissinger's concept—balance of power with the Soviet Union—with a broader search for world order. All this is very good for making speeches and writing articles. The test of decision and consequence remains.

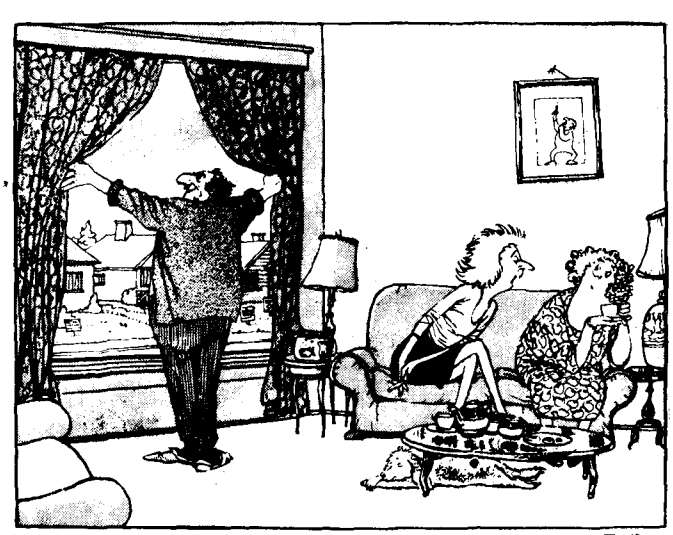
As far as specific positions may be forecast, these are what Mr. Carter's are likely to be on major world situations:

The Soviet Union. Mr. Carter is in favor of continuing policies of detente, but not exclusively within the framework of a power balance. He does not believe in applying political sanctions to economic ties with Moscow, but would threaten total withholding of trade if necessary. Like the Ford Administration, he favors a strong defense posture, although he would cut the military budget somewhat.

Disarmament. In this field, Mr. Carter diverges from current American policy. He does not believe there can be limited nuclear wars and so would press, at the SALT talks, for reducing overall levels of nuclear armament while maintaining United States equivalence at every stage. He also wants to reduce America's role as a worldwide arms supplier.

The Middle East. Here Mr. Carter's position hews to standard lines, especially as regards the United Nations' Jarring Resolution, but he seeks a different approach in the form of a general conference to settle all the issues followed by scheduled implementation, rather than the step-by-step policy initiated by Kissinger.

Yugoslavia. The President-elect was more specific about American intentions toward Yugoslavia, and, by association, toward other East Eurpoean states, than about



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

"Roger likes to savor these last moments of his ultimate electoral power . . . as a highly prized undecided vote."

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any other foreign-policy topic. He said that in the event of a Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia after the death of Marshal Tito, he would do everything "short of war" to stop it. He added that no such invasion was likely to occur and that America would not intervene in situations that were purely internal.

Taiwan. Mr. Carter supports a policy of full diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China but at the same time maintaining strong trade relations with Taiwan. He cites Japanese policy as a model here.

Africa. The problems of southern Africa, and in particular the current Geneva conference on the future of Rhodesia, were not specific subjects of debate in the campaign, but Professor Brzezinski's opinion that there should be "no support for the remnant of white supremacy in Africa" may be taken as a Carter guideline.

Korea. The United States should conduct a phased withdrawal from South Korea at a time to be determined by consultation with the governments of South Korea and Japan.

Panama. No surrender of control of the Panama Canal as long as it is vital to American security. But there should be continuing negotiations over the sharing of sovereignty and control of the Canal Zone with the Republic of Panama. Mr. Carter would also like to reduce the number of American bases and troops there.

VI. And Labor

The victorious Mr. Carter was so delirious election night that he forgot to thank the people who were most crucial to his election. To the members of George Meany's AFL-CIO, Mr. Carter should have given his most sincere, heartfelt gratitude. The AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education donated 600 full-time organizers, 10,000 telephone callers, 70 million pieces of literature, and thousands of volunteers to ensure Mr. Carter's election. A *New York Times* report called the AFL-CIO's effort "the biggest, most expensive, best organized labor has ever conducted in support of a presidential candidate."

Mr. Carter's thanks should also have gone to the 1.8 million members of the National Education Association, which for the first time in its history endorsed a presidential candidate. And how could Mr. Carter have overlooked the yeoman work done on his behalf by the United Auto Workers, who put many of their 250,000 retired members to work ringing doorbells for him?

Perhaps foremost among the overlooked were the members of Congress who made labor such an overwhelming factor by creating federal financing of elections. It was their skillful crafting that exempted labor's mammoth drive from campaign spending limits. Thus labor's campaign did not cost Mr. Carter a penny.

This was Meany & Co.'s first presidential campaign under the new campaign laws. Four years from now their presidential election machinery should really be humming.

The Senate: Summing It Up

By and large, it was a bad night for conservative Republicans, and a relatively good one for liberal Republicans. The major disaster was the loss of Senator James L. Buckley's seat in New York to Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a predictable defeat given Mr. Moynihan's success in pre-empting the center in a state that is lopsidedly Democratic, and traditionally liberal. (The only satisfaction to be had from the encounter is that in the primary skirmishing Congresspersons Bella Abzug and Peter Peyser were retired, at least temporarily, from public life.) In addition to Buckley, Senator Robert Taft Jr. was retired from office in Ohio—once the bastion of Republican conservatism, home of Mr. Conservative himself, Robert Taft Sr.—and replaced by Howard Metzenbaum who, says George Will, may turn out to be the most liberal Democrat of them all. Senator Bill Brock, who had retired Albert Gore six years ago to general hosannas when he and Jim Buckley and Glenn Beall of Maryland all made it to the Senate for the first time, lost to James Sasser; a real blow to conservative Republicans in the Senate. Beall was beaten by Paul Sarbanes.

While conservative Republican incumbents were losing, such liberal Republicans as Lowell Weicker in Connecticut and Robert Stafford in Vermont were winning big. And at least three of the newly elected Republicans, Senators-elect Richard Lugar (Ind.), John Heinz (Pa.), and John Chafee (R.I.), are, at best, moderate Republicans. Lugar, the onetime mayor of Indianapolis, describes himself as a moderate conservative, but he is perceived by local Republicans as somewhat to the left of that. However, he did retire left-Democrat Vance Hartke, who has been in the Senate for 18 years, and that's a distinct plus. Jack Heinz, who outfought Democratic Representative William Green—an early favorite in the polls—is in the Javits-Case-Percy wing of the party. Since Heinz will take Hugh Scott's seat, that's an ideological stand-off. John Chafee, a former governor of Rhode Island and former Secretary of the Navy, replaces Democrat John Pastore, who is retiring. Chafee is also liberal, but not madly so.

But it was not all doom and gloom in the Senate races. Republican Harrison Schmitt becomes not only the second astronaut to make it to the Senate—John Glenn (D., Ohio) was the first—but becomes the first U.S. senator ever to have walked on the moon. He retired Senator Joseph Montoya of New Mexico, a two-term liberal Democrat. In Utah, Orrin Hatch, a Reaganite Republican, put the quietus on the career of liberal Frank Moss, a three-termer. And in Wyoming, Malcolm Wallop, a conservative, did in Gale McGee.

Other Republican pluses: the retention of William Roth's seat in Delaware, and the election of a Republican in Missouri where John Danforth will replace Democrat Stuart Symington (who retired). Two long-time conservative Republican seats, Paul Fannin's in

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Arizona and Roman Hruska's in Nebraska, went to Democrats Dennis DeConcini and Edward Zorinsky. Both Fannin and Hruska retired; both had scored 100 consistently in ACA ratings, and zero, or thereabouts, as consistently in the ADA and COPE charts.

The big-name Democrats—the party leaders who are of presidential quality, or at least so consider themselves—made it back with ease: Kennedy, Muskie, Humphrey, Proxmire, Jackson. So did Robert Byrd of West Virginia, who will probably replace Mike Mansfield as Majority Leader, given Senator Humphrey's recent cancer operation. Humphrey was the only other serious contender for the post.

One final high point. The cliffhanger win of S. I. Hayakawa (or Hiawatha, as Gerald Ford recently called him) in California against liberal Democrat John Tunney. In a way it can be said that Tunney was the final and unexpected victim of the anti-Vietnam forces, who drew their first blood when they dumped Lyndon Johnson in 1968. It was the primary fight against antiwar activist Tom Hayden that revealed Tunney's astonishing weakness in California and led ultimately to his defeat by Hayakawa. Hayakawa, 70, who says he expects to serve at least two Senate terms, was himself propelled into the national limelight during the antiwar frenzies of the Sixties when he was one of the few college administrators around to tell the Kids to cool it—and to make it stick.

The Referenda: A-Bombs and Throwaway Bottles

Part of the reason voter apathy did so poorly November 2 is that scintillating propositions were on the ballot in many states.

The voters of Michigan failed to make an earth-shattering breakthrough. A proposal to limit the amount of money the state can take in taxes was defeated—barely. The measure, reminiscent of one spurned by the voters of California two years ago, was defeated thanks in large part to the same forces that brought the California proposal down: a coalition of state employees. The voters of Michigan, however, did vote a ban on throwaway beverage bottles, as did the voters of Maine.

California's Proposition 14, which would have reinstated the collective bargaining and secret-ballot provisions of the state's Agricultural Labor Relations Act, as well as rendering unto César Chavez the right to have his organizers campaign in the fields of the growers before union elections, was easily defeated despite the support of Carter, Tunney, and Brown.

Massachusetts, by a 3 to 1 margin, did *not* become the first state in the union to enact a total ban on the private ownership of handguns. And it did not approve the throwaway ban.

Voters in Ohio, Montana, Washington, Arizona, Colorado, and Oregon roundly vetoed initiatives restricting the nuclear power industry. Colorado, by a 3 to 1 margin, also rejected a proposal that would have required "registered voters' approval of all state and local executive and legislative acts which result in new or increased taxes."

Arkansas, by a 2 to 1 margin, rejected a union-inspired attempt to liquidate the state's right-to-work law. Voters next door in Oklahoma rejected a measure that would have permitted liquor to be sold by the drink.

Thanks to the voters of New Jersey, the gambling public will not have to go to Las Vegas to lay their money down legally. Within the next 18 months, sponsors predict, gambling casinos will be opening on the boardwalk of Atlantic City.

The capital of Alaska is Juneau, but in a few years it won't be. Two years ago Alaskans voted to remove it from Juneau; this year they chose a site: Willow South, a few miles outside of Anchorage.

Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: Bill November 1, 1976
From: Priscilla

Bill von Dreele, always the professional, sent two verses. One in case Ford wins, the other in case Carter does.

Here Comes Carter

If you're over thirteen thou'
Pushing pencil, truck, or plough,
Be prepared to bleed a bit
When the Carter taxes hit.
In the meantime, try to be
As compassionate as he;
Later, when you lose your shirts,
Try to smile until it hurts.

W. H. von Dreele

Levitation

Some do it for the Gipper;
  Scots do it for the clan.
Some, like the little choo-choo,
  Repeat, "I think I can."
Some rise just like the Phoenix;
  Some, just before the bell.
As for the Fords' assumption,
  The Lord alone can tell.

W. H. von Dreele

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■ Dear Bill Buckley,

I am referring back to your letter of September 20 on the matter of friendship. My friendship is not easily given or easily withdrawn and I have arrived at the age when nothing else is quite so important.

But I'm afraid I take a view different from yours on permissible strains; and your logic confuses me. Because you have informed your many readers that Sevareid is not worth listening to I could not see why you would wish me on your TV hour.

When you began your AFTRA suit I made a published comment in support. What followed were repeated sneers in your column because I chose not to join the suit. You did not inquire as to why, but implied, as I read it, that it was due to cowardice. If there is anything in the world that does not frighten me, it would be that union. I declined to join simply because my time, my health, and my money were already painfully overextended and because lawyers assured me the suit had no chance.

You have, I am told by a source I believe, publicly described Teddy White as a national bore. If he chooses to disregard that, it's his business.

Sincerely,
Eric Sevareid
CBS News

P.S. The man's name is not Varilla but Bunau-Varilla, with whom I was acquainted. If you wish to know more about him, there is a short article by me in the files of *American Heritage* magazine, in 1960 or thereabouts.

Dear Eric:

Concerning your letter, a few observations:

1. My friendship, by contrast, is easily given, but does not preclude concurrent disagreement.

2. I do not remember telling my readers that you are not worth listening to. And even if I thought you were not, I would not hesitate to put you on *Firing Line*—because people whose views are not worth listening to are often listened to nevertheless. *Firing Line* has the advantage of giving its guests an opportunity to test their views under pressure.

3. I have indeed publicly pondered why you have not joined a lawsuit which you approve of. You never inquired whether it would cost you money to join me in the lawsuit to bring First Amendment protection to news analysts on the airwaves. The answer is No—the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is defraying all expenses. Nor was any investment of your time required. I do not see how the lawsuit would have impaired your health, unless your nerves are shattered by bad judicial decisions, in which case you are probably a nervous wreck anyway. As for the lawsuit's having no chance, remember we won at the circuit court level, and, despite setbacks, the case proceeds. Do I understand you to be saying that you will not associate yourself with a cause you believe will fail? How can you then associate yourself with so hopeless a cause as Immunity for Eric Sevareid from Criticism?

4. I have not publicly or privately described Teddy White as a national bore, because I do not believe him to be a national bore. Indeed I have acclaimed in print, even while criticizing some portions of them, several of his books. Pray inform your Deep Throat that he is incorrect. Is he, by the way, the same source you regularly rely on when composing your news analyses?

5. "Dear Bill Buckley"! Oooo! Dear Eric, I fear that in that protracted tug-of-war between yourself and a terminal stuffiness, you have, finally, lost. And that is everybody's business.

Cordially,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

P.S. Down Panama-way, they usually say just plain "Varilla." As in Coke, for Coca-Cola. By the way, Eric, why didn't you stop him before he signed that damned treaty?

■ Dear Priscilla or dear Bill or dear whoever is concerned:

Oops.

A "Neutral Paradise" might be a fine place to visit; indeed, I might even want to live there. But it is not the title of the exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art which I reviewed in the November 12 issue, and which should read, "The *Natural* Paradise."

Incidentally, your drawing is marvelous, an only slightly overstated view of how it was.

With love,
Ruth Berenson
New York

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I want to pledge for next year's fund appeal in this way—I will go to the sale-barn and buy a feeder steer (very cheap now), feed and grange it until next year when it will be sold—*NR* to get the returns.

Harry C. Lane
Starkville, Miss.

Dear Mr. Lane: Many thanks. We'll lobby for high beef prices. Cordially, WFB

■ Mr. Buckley:

You are the mouthpiece of that evil rabble that depends on fraud, perjury, dirty tricks, anything at all that suits their purposes.

I would trust a snake before I would trust you or anybody you support.

A. Ruesthe
(no address)

Dear Mr. Ruesthe: What would you do if I supported the snake? Cordially,

—WFB

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What the Gaffe Said

The Protracted Conflict

JAMES BURNHAM

FOR FIVE DAYS public opinion (i.e., the media) in the United States revolved around what was referred to as the "gaffe" made by President Ford in Debate Number Two. The gaffe was then dropped from history (i.e., the media) and forgotten. I would like to disinter it for a brief autopsy.

In midcourse of Debate Number Two, the President, in a firm, clear voice, made a simple, unambiguous statement: "There is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe and there never will be under a Ford Administration." Interlocutor Max Frankel of the *New York Times*, in undisguised astonishment, intervened with a complicated pseudo-question phrased as if to warn Ford that he could not have meant what he had just said, and had better correct himself while he still had a chance to do so unscathed. Far from taking advantage of Frankel's assist, Ford reaffirmed and amplified his statement, and concluded: "Each of these [East European] countries is independent and autonomous."

Both Ford's opponents, who sought to exploit the gaffe (= blunder, botch, *gaucherie*, howler, slip, *étourderie*), and his supporters, who sought to exorcise it, assumed that, under the tensions of the debate, he had got mixed up and said something that in a relaxed setting he would have realized was false as well as politically damaging. The fact that Ford is not overly bright and has a well known habit of making public gaffes made this assumed explanation automatically plausible.

Plausible or not, it does not seem to cover all the facts. It is not surprising that one of the contestants—or any man—should make a verbal slip in a confrontation before so many eyes with so much at stake, but it is so surprising as to be almost inexplicable that he would have repeated and enlarged the slip after an interruption of a minute or more gave him ample time to pull himself together and correct his stance. During the first four days following the debate, Ford repeatedly "explained" his position on Eastern Europe, but he did not repudiate what he had said in the debate until the fifth day, by which time his aides could see—and apparently convinced him—that the "explanations" were not getting him off the hook.

A Puzzle to Solve

There is something more than a little puzzling here. You get the impression, if you think about it, that in the debate Ford maybe didn't just "misspeak" and say the opposite of what he meant. He was maybe trying to say *something*—something rather complicated, perhaps, that his foreign policy advisors had tried to explain to him—but got it mixed up in the telling. At least this would seem to be a more adequate hypothesis than the accepted assumption.

The President's gaffe did not raise as big a fuss abroad as at home—public opinion abroad has become, fortunately, a bit cynical about what candidates say in our political campaigns. It was noticed, however, and nowhere more carefully than among the East Europeans—both the East Europeans in Eastern Europe and those persons of East European origin living elsewhere. Some of the most serious and influential of the East Europeans now resident in Western Europe, but closely and actively linked to their fatherlands, have issued a joint statement in which they take note of the puzzle and suggest a solution. I translate from the French text:

"President Ford performed a miracle: In the course of his second televised debate with Carter, in San Francisco, with the help of a few phrases, he liberated Eastern Europe. He said: 'There is no Soviet domination of Eastern Europe and there never will be under a Ford Administration.' It is not true that the United States sold out the East European nations at Helsinki. 'I do not believe that Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland consider that they are under the domination of the Soviet Union. Each of these countries is independent and autonomous.' Carter smilingly replied: 'I would like to see Mr. Ford trying to convince Americans of Polish, Czech, and Hungarian origin that their fatherlands are not under the domination and control of the Soviet Union.'

"President Ford's so-called 'gaffe' has two aspects. The first was of immediate benefit to Carter, who indirectly appealed to Americans of East European origin not to vote for the Republican candidate. We are entirely in agreement with him on that point. We hope that after Ford's irresponsible declaration the Poles, Rumanians, Czechs, Hungarians, Ukrainians, Byelorussians, and Balts, as well as free Russians, will refuse, categorically and overwhelmingly, to support his candidacy. But at the same time we believe that Ford's 'gaffe' is only in appearance—and this is the second aspect of this episode.

"In reality Ford's slip merely comes down to the fact that he said out loud what he thinks—or, rather, what Kissinger and Sonnenfeldt think for him. When we published a reply ('The Seal') to the Helsinki Conference last year, we were widely accused of exaggeration. Now the Ford-Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt political line is clear as daylight.

"However, Carter's reply does not satisfy us either—the smile of the Democratic candidate who grasped and at once exploited the 'honest mistake' committed by his adversary in the hunt for the votes of 'the ethnics.' We will wait for Carter to formulate—clearly, without any ambiguity—a *different* political line, free from the seal of Helsinki and from the Kissinger-Sonnenfeldt doctrine, a political line that can help the real liberation of Eastern Europe from the real Soviet domination."

For the Polish people—
JERZY GIEDROYC, editor of *Kultura*
For the Baltic peoples—
MSGR. VINCAS MINCEVICIUS, *Elta Press*
For the Hungarian people—
TIBOR MERAI, editor of *Irodalmi Ujsag*
For the Rumanian people—
EUGENE IONESCO
For the Russian people—
VLADIMIR MAKSIMOV,
editor of *Kontinent*
For the Czech people—
PAVEL TIGRID, editor of *Svedectvi*
For the Ukrainian people—
IVAN KOSCHELIWETZ,
editor of *Sucasnist* □

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FUTURE SHOCK

The baton of modern Western civilization has gone from Spain, to France, to England, to the United States. There are many signs, says the author, that the U.S. is tiring—and it has no one to pass the baton to

The Greying of America

JEAN GIMPEL

CONSIDERING THE great universities' development of political, economic, and social history, their comparative neglect of the history of technology is extraordinary. The history of technology is one of the richest sources for the understanding and even control of human destiny, and it is particularly relevant today. It demonstrates that the belief that the momentum of technological progress will continue indefinitely is one of the chief illusions of our time. And now, as preceding societies have done, we are reaching a technological plateau.

Britain reached such a plateau in 1851. The Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace gave evidence of her failure to respond to the enormous potential of mass-production techniques, electricity, and organic chemistry. This potential was to be exploited by the growing industrial nations of Europe and the United States, which took over the baton of the Industrial Revolution from Britain. The U.S. reached a comparable plateau in 1971.

We are witnessing no new fundamental innovations. (An innovation, in this sense, is an invention which has been financed, developed, and made available to the public.) There are no new industries in the pipeline comparable to the automobile, aviation, electronics, computer, or space industries. Such an arrest of momentum has been observed by historians of technology in many other great societies; it is a clear indication that not only a great society, but a whole civilization is coming to an end.

Within the theory of recurrent patterns in history, too little attention is paid to the relation of one cycle to another. The modern French historian, Amaury de Riencourt, suggests the analogy of the spiral:

> The spiral is a geometrical form which can best illustrate the historical evolution of mankind. Although developing in the same fashion and in the same organic order, human societies have progressively reached higher and higher levels of culture and technology. Thus they have raised themselves on some sort of a spiral.

There have been two major autonomous spirals in the history of mankind, that of China and that of the West. China's last cycle leveled off many centuries ago, and our Western spiral—which began with the civilization cycles of Mesopotamia and the Classical world—is leveling off in its turn. While there are innumerable turning-points in history, there is only one turning-point for a civilization.

But on what basis can it be said that our civilization has reached a turning-point? The civilization of the Western world has witnessed two major cycles: that of the Middle Ages and that of the Renaissance, which has lasted into our own time. One cycle can begin before the other one ends. Some civilizations, like those of Byzantium or Islam, seem to have lived through only one major cycle. And there are cycles within cycles. In the overall cycle of the Renaissance and modern times, each major nation has had its own cycle: Italy in the fifteenth century, Spain in the sixteenth, France in the seventeenth, England in the eighteenth and nineteenth, and the United States in the twentieth provided the impetus to keep up the momentum of Western civilization. But today the West has no new young nation in reserve, and the momentum cannot be maintained.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that the U.S. Bicentennial has overshadowed the bicentennial of the publication of Edward Gibbon's monumental *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. An historical perspective might have helped reveal to the bewildered economists of today some explanation for both the worldwide recession and America's sequence of inflation, devaluation, falling industrial production, unemployment, and declining national resources. Moreover, it would also suggest to them that the present indications of U.S. economic recovery are illusory.

Western civilization's decline will coincide with the decline of the United States. As the American economy falters, so will that of Western Europe, despite its remarkable revitalization by the Marshall Plan after World War II. And as the U.S. economy moves from recession into depression, so will Europe, the Third World, and even the Soviet bloc. The depression will differ greatly from that of 1929 in that it will last not a decade—in 1929, American momentum had not yet spent itself—but well into the next millennium.

Perhaps the major problem facing the U.S. today is how to age gracefully, so that the impact of the forthcoming century-long depression can be softened for the benefit of her citizens and those of the outside world.

Mr. Gimpel's most recent book is The Medieval Machine, *which has just been published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston. Along with Walter Annenberg and William Casey, he has arranged a symposium on the future of the United States which will be held next March at UCLA.*

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One of the recurring dramas of history is that cities, nations, or civilizations wait too long to cure their sickening economies—just as patients with serious ailments often wait too long before calling in the doctor. While preventive medicine has, in recent years, had great success in reducing the suffering and expenses of aging people, no politician, economist, or industrialist has ever been able to introduce preventive measures to forestall the economic ills of an aging nation.

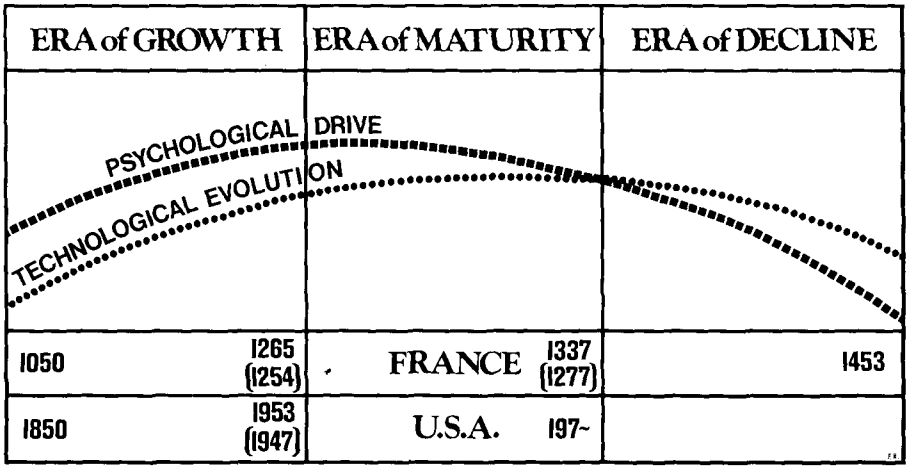
One of the primary symptoms of decline is complacency, of which the number one industry of the United States, the automobile industry, offers a prime example. For years the U.S. auto industry resolutely ignored the ever-increasing percentage of foreign cars sold on the U.S. market. It was unimaginable to Detroit that its once-dominant technology could be overtaken, but the import figures proved the contrary. From 1949 to 1955, the percentage of imported vehicles ranged from 0.2 per cent to 0.7 per cent. In 1958, the percentage had risen to 10.2 per cent. In 1975, it had reached 18.5 per cent, and it was only in February 1975 that GM's Chairman announced a multimillion-dollar program to redesign virtually every car GM makes.

By the mid-Fifties, there were increasing psychological signs and statistical data to suggest that America was evolving in much the same fashion as had the British Empire, France, Spain, Italy, Rome, or Greece. When lecturing to students studying medieval architectural history at Yale in 1956, I made a parallel between the Europe of the Middle Ages and the United States. Though the parallel may not at first seem significant, in fact the U.S. has much more in common with medieval Europe than with Rome, currently the more fashionable parallel.

Europe in the eleventh to the thirteenth centuries had open frontiers, pioneers, and an agricultural revolution. It had self-made men, free enterprise, capitalist companies, division of labor, and a proletariat. The Middle Ages had its own industrial revolution, with widespread mechanization and inventions. Revolutionary new sources of energy were being exploited, and this was accompanied by considerable environmental destruction through industrial pollution of the air and of the rivers.

At the end of the thirteenth century, the tide of prosperity began to ebb. Rentiers were taking over from pioneers, the productivity of the land was falling. There were fewer self-made men; sons were taking over from their fathers; bureaucracy was intervening in free enterprise and in the industrial centers; and the proletariat was disrupting industrial production by absenteeism and strikes. Energy production and mechanization had reached a technological plateau. Inflation began to get out of hand, currencies were devalued, banks crashed. Inflation was followed by an even worse calamity: deflation. The economic depression was to last over 150 years.

This medieval cycle led me to attempt to chart the close relationship between a society's psychological drive and its technological evolution through the three eras of a cycle. In an era of growth, the curves of psychological drive and technological evolution are parallel. Once a society reaches its maturity, the curves stop rising and begin to converge; the psychological drive diminishes in intensity and its curve begins a downward movement. Then, in the era of decline or loss of pre-eminence, the technological curve begins to fall as well (though not as rapidly as that of the psychological drive, because aging societies continue to invest quite heavily in military technology).



This empirical graph derived from the concept of the evolution of medieval society (of medieval France in particular) seemed applicable to the United States—a valuable device to help forecast the future of American civilization.

If 1850 is the year in which the United States entered her era of growth, 1953 can be regarded as the year she entered her era of maturity. That was the year in which the celebrated Lever House was constructed on New York's Park Avenue. A glass structure only thirty stories high, it symbolized a turning-point in American psychology, a greater awareness of aesthetics and the beginning of a certain disregard for strictly monetary considerations. However, 1947 might also stake a claim as the year in which the U.S. "grew up," for that was the year of the Truman Doctrine, when the United States took upon herself the responsibility for the Free World. When would the United States move out of the era of maturity into her aging era? This, I argued in 1956, could happen as early as the 1970s.

By 1956, America's psychological drive had passed its peak, although almost no one seemed conscious of the fact. But those Americans who looked for it could see the signs of aging. While the advances in science and medicine were impressive, the situation in some of the older industries received too little attention. The building industry, for example. Astonishingly enough, with all the capital it had available, it had never invested in a national research laboratory to test new materials or discover new building techniques. Timber, one of man's first building materials, is still used extensively in the United States; in 1956 the industry was still building a million houses a year with timber-framed roofs, a technique that has hardly changed since the thirteenth century. The industry was also using another ancient material, brick—a Mesopotamian invention —even in the building of skyscrapers. And bricks have to be hand-laid. There is little more prefabrication in a skyscraper than there was in a medieval cathedral.

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Heavy materials—grain, stone, coal, and iron—were still being moved by inland waterways. The United States has in fact continued to invest substantially in its canals. Two notable examples are the St. Lawrence Seaway, which cost $827 million, and the Arkansas River Navigation System, linking the Mississippi with six land-locked states.

By 1956, a more mature America no longer insisted that biggest is best. Americans were no longer ceaselessly proclaiming that they had the largest and fastest planes in the world, the greatest dams in the world, the best highways in the world. No longer was the United States obsessed by the record-breaking spirit so characteristic of young nations. The aesthetics of Lever House had replaced the utilitarianism of the Empire State Building.

The idea that every other country had of America, and that America had of herself, was of a country propelled by an irresistible psychological drive, where everyone was in a hurry, where new millionaires were born every day, where initiative was the motto. In fact, the men and women in the streets were now walking to and from work in as leisurely a manner as if they were in Rome; and, like their counterparts in Paris, many executives were taking two hours or more for lunch. As for self-made men reaching the top of the ladder, they were fewer and farther between. The traditional American distrust of government was being undermined by special-interest lobbies that were pressuring the Federal Government for help.

Confident in her destiny, the U.S. of 1956 could not imagine that her enterprising and crusading spirit would ever decline, that her GNP would ever level off, that she would ever face devaluation and increasing inflation, that her technology and science would ever become less buoyant.

THE FOLLOWING year, 1957, on the morning of October 5, American complacency was suddenly and dramatically shaken by the Russian *Sputnik*. The first artificial satellite circling the earth for all to watch was a disastrous blow to U.S. prestige. After her initial bewilderment the U.S. began to seek the reasons for what was seen as a national catastrophe. Dr. Vannevar Bush declared that the U.S. must arouse herself from "complacency and egotism. . . . We have continually been telling ourselves how good we are . . ." The world received more proof of America's technological lag in space research when, in December of the same year, the Vanguard missile designed to send up the first American satellite collapsed in flames on its launching pad. The world press published contemptuous headlines such as "Kaputnik," or "A Pearl Harbor for American Science."

However, the United States responded to the challenge. Aroused from her complacency, she launched herself into the space race and eventually overtook the Soviet Union. She landed men on the moon on July 20, 1969. Her technological and scientific prestige was apparently restored.

But while she was winning the space race, a characteristic symptom of an aging civilization was manifesting itself—the belief that the present age compared unfavorably to the past; that there was a Golden Age from which man had fallen away, a period in history free of the menace of advanced technology, a time when man had led a simple and virtuous life, in contrast to the strife and greed and other attendant evils of present-day civilization. In the United States of the mid-Sixties this phenomenon, which came to be known as the counterculture, deeply permeated every aspect of American life.

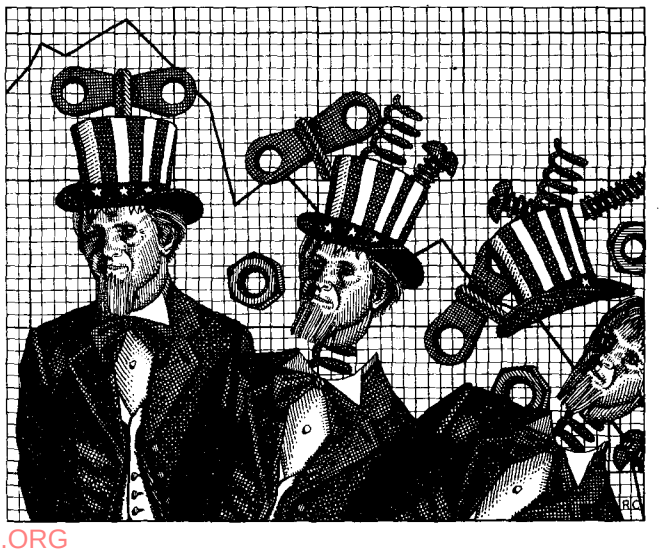
The American counterculture is similar in many respects to the French literary counterculture of the nineteenth century. The leaders of that movement denounced the materialistic spirit of the ruling class. They rejected reason and turned to mysticism, to dreams of the past, and, in some cases, to drugs. They longed to return to nature, and violently denounced the dangers of mechanization and industrialization. They played a major role in arresting French industrial expansion in the nineteenth century. In the United States, the counterculture undermined Americans' confidence in the excellence of their society.

In 1972, in a seminar at the School of Architecture at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, my students enthusiastically accepted the historical-parallel themes I proposed they should study:

Cathedrals and Los Angeles freeways
Cathedrals and dams (e.g. TVA)
World-record-breaking spirit in medieval Europe and in the U.S.
Gothic and twentieth century International Style
Villard de Honnecourt and Frank Lloyd Wright–Le Corbusier–Wachsmann–Gropius–Nervi
Restrictive practices in the building profession in medieval Europe and the U.S.

The student who chose the first of these themes ended his paper by stating that, like medieval cathedrals, the Los Angeles freeways would never be finished. The student who chose the last discovered an amazing parallel between the restrictive practices of the Parisian plasterers at the end of the thirteenth century and those of the American plasterers of the 1970s.

During my journey to California in 1972, I rediscovered a chart I had made, which had lain neglected in a file for 16 years, and found that its predictions were becoming reality: decline of civic virtues and of the crusading spirit, increased interest in arcane aesthetic values, economic interdependence, decline in energy resources, resistance to new technology. I was now able to date the entry of the United States into her aging or declining era: 1971. In 1971, the United States Congress refused to allocate funds for the supersonic transport project (SST). This anti-technological vote represented a dramatic reversal of the traditional attitude of the United States toward technology. If



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we accept 1947 as the beginning of the previous era, the United States had an era of maturity of almost 25 years. The golden age of Pericles, which was sometimes invoked during John Kennedy's time in the White House, lasted about the same number of years.

Heretofore the U.S. has been concerned with the momentous problems facing the Third World; now it is the developing countries that will be concerned with the U.S.

In a lecture "Is the United States moving into an era of decadence?" given on the campus of the University of Southern California, I listed a further number of characteristics common to declining or decadent societies, many of which were already apparent in the U.S. of 1972:

> A decadent or declining society is one in which the quest and cultivation of pleasure has taken priority over the traditional moral views: in which religious beliefs are less strong and civic values disregarded. Where there exists a certain feeling of doom, crisis, and defeatism, anti-militarism rises in such a society. As does permissiveness. There is an increase in skepticism, and a greater passion for aestheticism. A greater importance accorded to the imagination and the subconscious. A deeper interest in primitivism, exoticism, mysticism, and the irrational. These attitudes of mind lead to a certain suspicion of science, reason, and logic. A disbelief in progress. In the literary world, problems of language take on an unprecedented importance, the letter and the word take precedence over the idea, and form tends to dominate content. A decadent society loses its political grip and influence on the outside world and in way of compensation turns toward art. Decadent societies lead the world in art and fashion.

America's decline is arguably the most important problem facing the world today. Though her share of world trade and industrial production has been regularly falling since World War II, it is still sufficiently high to have a strong influence on the general welfare of the world, and this should be so for many years to come. Her decline will inevitably change the attitude and the conduct of the outside world toward the United States. Heretofore the U.S. has been concerned with the momentous problems facing the Third World; now it is the developing countries that will be increasingly concerned with the problem of the U.S., since the decline of America will further threaten their own standards of living. And a major concern of the European nations must be to assist or at least not hinder America's efforts to restore her failing psychological drive.

In the mid-Sixties, the stockholders of a struggling French computer manufacturer, Compagnie des Machines Bull, met to decide whether to accept the takeover bid of a giant American corporation, the General Electric Company. President de Gaulle attempted to resist this encroachment on French sovereignty but failed, and General Electric moved in. Within a decade the situation is being reversed. The United States has for its part recently attempted to prevent a giant French multinational, Société Imetal, from taking over a U.S. manufacturer of specialty steel products, the Copperweld Corporation. In Ohio, where Copperweld has a plant, the Security Division of the state's Department of Commerce even issued a cease and desist order against the takeover bid. But these interventions were in vain, and Imetal acquired 67 per cent of Copperweld through a tender offer. Further French takeovers are in the pipeline.

By 1972 it was becoming evident that many U.S. industries were finding it increasingly difficult to cope with competition from abroad. *Newsweek* magazine, on April 24, 1972, published an article "Can the U.S. Compete?" The writer had his doubts. "Almost 100 per cent of all tape recorders and 35-mm still cameras, 70 per cent of the radios, 49 per cent of the sewing machines, 40 per cent of the glassware, and more than 15 per cent of all the automobiles sold in the U.S. now come from abroad."

A close study of the overall American trade figures since World War II reveals the gradual general decline of U.S. industries, save for a number of high-technology industries —and even some of them are now on the defensive. The U.S. share of the world market for nuclear reactors has fallen from nearly 100 per cent to some 45 per cent.

If the U.S. wishes to arrest her industrial decline, executive productivity must be improved. So must labor productivity. It has been seriously lagging behind that of other industrial nations. Like the executive, the factory worker no longer believes that hard work will always pay off. Absenteeism in the automobile industry in Detroit can go as high as 10 to 15 per cent on Fridays and Mondays, or when weather is bad, or at the opening of hunting season.

Productivity would rise and unemployment fall if U.S. investment were higher. "America," wrote *The Economist* on February 28, 1976, "is set for industrial senility unless its industrial investment goes up from a British rate (just over 10 per cent of GNP) to a Franco-German rate (about half as large again)." The U.S. investment rate is unbelievably low. In 1975, two Treasury Department economists, Herman Liebling and Julian Jaahsen, published a study in which they compared the investment and output performance of the U.S., Britain, Japan, West Germany, France, Italy, and Canada between 1960 and 1973. Astonishingly they found that the U.S. ranked sixth in economic growth (ahead only of Britain) and had the lowest investment rate of the seven industrial nations.

In inventiveness and innovation the U.S. is also falling behind. The National Science Foundation released a study this March entitled "Science Indicators 1974." The facts are dramatic. There has been such a rapid increase in foreign inventors receiving U.S. patents that foreign patents now account for more than 30 per cent of those issued by the U.S. Patent Office.

The proportion of the United States' GNP spent on research and development declined from a peak of 3 per cent in 1963 to 2.3 per cent in 1974. In 1973 and 1974 West Germany edged past the United States in the proportion of GNP devoted to science and engineering.

The cover of the February 16, 1976 *Business Week* dramatically announced "The Breakdown of U.S. Innovation." The article is remarkably pessimistic, pointing out that most of today's so-called innovations only build on existing technologies. The breakdown is the result of our complex economic environment, with its growing government regulation, soaring costs, capital squeeze, and new-product failures that have zoomed as high as 80 per cent

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in some industries. Thus management is becoming supercautious.

Not only is the number of innovations marketed annually by the existing U.S. companies falling rapidly; in addition, these are consolidating into fewer and larger companies, and there are fewer new high-technology growth companies like IBM, Xerox, 3M, or Polaroid being formed—all of which leads to less competition, and less innovation. As *Business Week* remarks: "This will mean less economic growth, fewer jobs, a loss of foreign markets, greater import competition in domestic markets, and finally, of course, a potentially devastating rise in trade deficits."

But not only will the collapse of U.S. innovation bring down U.S. society, it will also cause the collapse of Western civilization and bring increasing suffering to the Third World. Those who, like Lewis Mumford, have in good faith been warning the world against the pursuit of science and technology at the expense of humanity will, in the long run, themselves have caused great suffering to humanity.

Not only will the collapse of U.S. innovation bring down U.S. society, it will also cause the collapse of Western civilization and bring increased suffering to the Third World

In March of last year, on a Washington TV program, I quoted these words from an article by the late economist Sidney E. Rolfe: "Excessive environmentalism pollutes the economy." I added that environmentalism, like art, is a costly luxury. I suggested that historians who study declining nations or civilizations should be invited to meet in Washington, D.C., to discuss publicly the reasons for those declines and the economic or political measures those nations took. Such a gathering of historians at this time would be particularly apt in view of statements on the decline of the West made by two of the most outstanding personalities of the Western world: Henry Kissinger and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn.

Mr. Kissinger's senior thesis at Harvard, "The Meaning of History: Reflections on Spengler, Toynbee, and Kant," goes a long way toward explaining his reply to a question asked by James Reston in an interview in the *New York Times* in October 1974: "Every civilization that has ever existed has ultimately collapsed. History is a tale of efforts that failed, of aspirations that weren't fulfilled and then turned out to be different from what one expected. So as an historian we have to live with a sense of tragedy. As a statesman we have to act on the assumption that problems must be solved."

In his recent book, *On Watch*, Admiral Elmo Zumwalt writes: "K[issinger] feels that the United States has passed its historic high point like so many earlier civilizations. He believes U.S. is on the downhill and cannot be raised by political challenge. . . . He states that his job is to persuade the Russians to give us the best deal we can get, recognizing that the historical forces favor them."

How the historical forces favor them—or at least work against us—can be seen most clearly by comparing our situation with that of an earlier empire. After the defeat of Carthage in the second century B.C., for example, Rome never again had to face an external ideological challenge, the Barbarians having no ideology per se. The U.S., however, has to face the challenge of *two* ideological empires, the USSR and China.

While Mr. Kissinger is at present anxious not to air his views on the decline of the West, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn is very eager to air his views. His dramatic declaration on the BBC last March that "the West is on the verge of collapse" attracted the attention of the general public to an issue previously perceived only by a minority. However, Solzhenitsyn seems not to realize fully that it is the decline of America's psychological drive which is principally responsible for the weakening of the West. In an interview with Solzhenitsyn, Bernard Levin wrote that Solzhenitsyn "blames Europe more than America" for the recent concessions made to the Soviet Union.

If we turn back to have a second look at the graph and in particular at the section concerned with the declining era, it will become evident that what happened to most societies or nations of the past is now happening to the United States. In this era, the psychological drive falls fast; the technological curve falls more slowly, since aging societies, as noted earlier, invest heavily in military technology, believing it sufficient to deter prospective aggressors.

With the American press full of reports that the West is in decline and that the Soviet Union's military power is overtaking that of the West, Congress has, in this election year, shown more enthusiasm than usual for military funds. It should appreciate that increased investment in civil technology is more important, and that military power is of limited use when a country's psychological drive is on the wane. In 1940, France had artillery and tanks often technically superior to those of the Germans, but France's psychological drive had long been falling. Only yesterday, the U.S., with its overwhelming technological superiority in Vietnam, was defeated by the Vietcong, whose psychological drive it could not match.

No one reform can halt the present historical trend. But here are some reforms that I believe might help influence the course of events: creation of an office of National Economic Planning; more ample cooperation between government and industry at all levels; the adoption of a five-year budget; a stepping-up of business and engineering missions to Europe and Japan; increased measures to encourage innovation as well as executive and labor productivity; considerably higher investment in industrial plants and equipment.

The environmentalists should no longer be allowed to "pollute the economy"; measures should be taken to arrest the falling birth rate; qualified women should be offered top positions in industry and administration (the imagination of men in the United States is now at a low ebb); there should be less negative self-criticism; involvement in mysticism, esotericism, and primitivism should be countered; attacks on technology and science should be toned down and students should be encouraged to go back into these disciplines; departments of History of Technology should be founded in every university, as well as departments of Comparative Civilization.

After years of preoccupation with Vietnam, Watergate, and the recession, it is now becoming clear that the major issue before us, as defined in the National Science Foundation report mentioned above, is technology. Will America be able to recapture the technological initiative that made her one of the great societies in history? □

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CAMPUS REPORT

Aptheker and Samarin at Yale

RICHARD BROOKHISER

STILL WATERS are not immobile. Like most colleges these days, Yale is calm. Yet two incidents within the last year involving professors show in what direction the hidden currents are running.

Herbert Aptheker is a member of the central committee of the Communist Party, U.S.A., and its candidate for the Senate in New York. He is also a historian, and his connection with Yale began last fall when a group of students invited him to teach a one-term course on the life and thoughts of W. E. B. DuBois. Aptheker accepted, and the proposed course was passing routinely through the usual channels when it was unexpectedly vetoed by the History Department, on the grounds that Aptheker lacked the necessary scholarly integrity to teach at Yale. There followed an intricate procedural ballet—students trying to circumvent professors—which caused more excitement than anything since the Shockley-Rusher debates. The Political Science Department came to Aptheker's support; there were modest rallies and a petition collecting 2,200 signatures; Aptheker himself came to speak on campus. In April, after a six-month struggle, the seminar was finally approved.

Vladimir Sokolov-Samarin is a Russian émigré and a professor of Russian literature. He has taught at Yale for 17 years. In his spare time, he devotes himself to befriending Soviet dissidents and contributing to Russian-language Zionist journals. Last April, a Soviet magazine accused Samarin of having written antisemitic editorials in 1943 for a newspaper in occupied Russia. Copies of the magazine were sent to the head of his department. Samarin admitted the charges and was told he was free to remain at Yale if he wished. Shortly thereafter, however, he received a letter from four fellow professors expressing "disgust and outrage at your past actions. . . . Under no circumstances can you count on the undersigned for any support whatsoever." A month later, Samarin resigned.

Each controversy flushed a number of interesting side issues. Samarin is convinced that his exposure was planned by the KGB. He had already been attacked in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* in February, and it is thought that the Soviets hoped to discredit him with friends of Soviet Jews. If so, they succeeded—the Jewish paper which once carried his work has now banned him from its pages. But more interesting than the facts of either case has been the university's reaction to them.

The Aptheker controversy was fought entirely on the level of academic qualifications. Extreme leftists are not unwelcome at Yale; of the three history professors who originally vetoed Aptheker, one had sought a similar position for Herbert Marcuse in 1963, and another had performed the same service for Eugene Genovese in 1968. What made these gentlemen balk at Aptheker was not his ideology, but his scholarly sins in the service of it. Most of the 250 rebellions cited in his *American Negro Slave Revolts*, for instance, never happened—Aptheker simply culled the correspondence of plantation owners for hysterical references to black uppitiness and accepted them at face value.

Aptheker's janissaries responded to such charges, when they responded at all, by denying their relevance. Some went so far as to concede that Aptheker was not sufficiently ethical to become, say, a tenured professor—but surely he was interesting enough to be given a one-term course; and to bar him for the sake of a few dogmatic peccadillos would be positively McCarthyite.

The Samarin affair was conducted on an entirely different plane. His attackers could not fault him for academic reasons, for in almost two decades at Yale, he had never been anything less than scrupulous.

Nor could they cite any evidence of fascistic behavior since 1943. Samarin's original moral lapse had been ambiguous enough. Having endured Stalinism in its most virulent form, he, like many Russians, had greeted the Germans as deliverers. The primary targets of his pieces were Bolsheviks; the anti-Jewish diatribes he added later at the direction of censors. Not a Profile in Courage, certainly—but whatever his culpability in 1943, he seemed to have repented in the 33 years since. "He never once gave any indication of antisemitism," the chairman of his department said.

What drove Samarin's opponents instead was moral outrage—an indignation so intense that it overrode all counter-arguments based on the possibility of change or on the immediate situation. Never mind Samarin's consistently pro-semitic conduct for over a quarter of a century; never mind his 17-year record as a teacher. He had worked with Nazis, and he bore the mark of Cain; decent men could have nothing to do with him. "You have to bear the responsibility for what you were," Professor Robert Jackson intoned. "Justice is in remembering."

EVEN MORE disturbing than the moralizing, however, was its lopsidedness. Samarin and Aptheker have been connected with the two major totalitarian movements of this century. Samarin collaborated once, 33 years ago. Aptheker has served for most of his adult life. Samarin was (at least partly) dragooned into the ranks. Aptheker volunteered. Samarin has not committed an act of intellectual duplicity since he broke with the Nazis. Aptheker continues to do his Party's bidding.

Why the double standard? Perhaps intellectuals simply have a predilection for left-wing movements. But perhaps their bias is less in favor of leftists than of winners.

If this is so, then the reflex reactions of the Yale community offer a classic illustration of Benda's "*trahison des clercs*"—the prostration of twentieth century men of ideas before the warlords and power-mongers they ought to be rebuking and chastising. Nazism lost, so it is safe to denounce it; but Communism thrives, so one must use kid gloves. How else account for the hue and cry against a sometime collaborator with the one and in favor of a cadre leader of the other? □

Mr. Brookhiser, NR*'s editorial assistant last summer, is in his senior year at Yale.*

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SAVING OUR CITIES

No Tears or Federal Funds

PAUL McGOULDRICK

THE FOLLOWING PLAN may substantially enhance the bond market credit of participating municipalities and states without more than a one-time, minor cost to the federal Treasury. In fact, the Treasury need not even participate in its inception: the modest initial cost could be shouldered in theory by a private corporation or by an association of states and municipalities. Too good to be true? Read on.

A Municipal Sinking Fund Corporation should be set up; it would have two, and only two, primary functions. The first would be to receive, invest, and ultimately pay to bondholders amortization payments on all new debt contracted by member cities (and states) after they become members. The second would be to set up, audit, and publish standard accounts of revenues and current and capital outlays of all state and local members. It would *not* guarantee member city (or state) obligations incurred prior to the cities' or states' joining the fund, nor would it guarantee as such the obligations incurred after joining the fund. Each accumulated amount of amortization payments by any member would stand on its own, so that if member city X defaults, member city Y's fund of amortization payments would be unaffected. Membership would be voluntary and a city or state could elect to leave the fund; but an essential feature would be its obligation to continue required amortization payments on debt incurred while a member.

Please do not turn away, gentle reader, with the spoken or unspoken remark that new promises would not be believed since old promises have been broken. The essential link here is between amortization payments *and* publishing of "clean" financial statements by members; the sum of this proposal is much greater than its parts. After all, cities and states do want to keep their capacity to borrow, even as they are tempted now and then to court political popularity at the expense of fiscal soundness. The fiscal disclosure provision, as well as the contractual obligation to make amortization payments, would inhibit them from yielding to the latter thirst.

First, as to enforcement. Any city or state becoming a member must agree that if it defaults on a single payment, the Fund will seek a federal court injunction that either it make the payment within thirty days or the Fund be assigned municipal tax revenues. The tougher the provisions, the more beneficial the results to all concerned (except, perhaps, to would-be Lindsays and Beames). Good liberals might also agree that in extraordinary circumstances, such as an earthquake leveling the South Bronx, the appropriate solution would be a flat handout.

Secondly, as to disclosure of revenues and expenses. The statute (or act of incorporation) setting up the Fund Corporation should require that the Fund establish hard, uniform rules of accounting for member cities before it commences operations. These rules should require publication of consolidated *cash* revenues (not estimates) and *cash* expenditures broken down into current and capital components. The last should follow the traditional rule that only bricks and mortar and other durable artifacts count as capital outlays; all else would be listed as current. Such consolidated annual cash accounts should be published by a Fund Corporation bulletin universally available. If members wanted to publish accrual accounts they could do so, but they would have to do it on their own with the bulletin providing space. This rule would preclude accounting tricks such as those practiced by New York.

Brief mention may be made of subordinate features of the plan. Cities would earn interest on amortization payments made into the Fund, after deduction of Fund Corporation expenses from portfolio earnings. The Fund would not guarantee but enforce. It would not lend to member cities or set interest rates and other terms of borrowing; these would continue to be determined in the municipal bond market by private negotiation. Nor would it market or trade in municipal bonds; its asset portfolio should be restricted by law to U.S. Government securities (if a federal corporation) or AAA-rated private and federal securities (if a non-federal government undertaking). Finally, it should not (*not*, NOT) rate bonds and notes of its member cities and states, for reasons which should be obvious to every bond dealer and mayor. No guarantees should be made for two compelling reasons: such guarantees penalize the good and reward the bad, and contingent liabilities would cast a cloud over the soundness of the Fund itself. Even fiscal activists should reflect that the "out" of a Federal Government guarantee would have adverse effects on the interest rates which the Federal Government itself pays for money.

SO FAR, REASONS have been given why capitalists and financial intermediaries should be willing to buy new debt of cities joining the Fund. But why should cities not now in trouble want to join it? After all, many or most of these have been amortizing new debt for years, in the form of strip financing (example: a bond issue is made with notes and bonds falling due evenly over time).

There are three reasons why even very well-managed cities would join. Such a city would guarantee by contract that it would be obeying the rules of the game in the future as well as now. In view of the volatility of politics, e.g., the chance that a big-hearted mayor might succeed to the throne in the near future, such a contract would have a high cash value (in the form of lower interest rates and better terms of borrowing) even to cities now very prudent in their fiscal management.

Secondly, membership would reduce the cost of information to investors. There are over 30,000 political subdivisions with the legal right to borrow and with bewilderingly complex laws and ordinances governing borrowing. This

(Continues on page 1305)

Mr. McGouldrick teaches at the State University of New York. He is currently on a Fulbright research grant in West Germany.

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Pride and Prejudice

MALACHI B. MARTIN

THE CRY OF "politicking" that greeted the spokesmen for the U.S. Catholic Hierarchy after their pre-election meetings with the two presidential candidates is but one more indication of the two great flaws that still bedevil Catholics and Protestants. With undiminished potency, these flaws prevent the two ancient antagonists from truly loving each other and from forming a common front against a common danger: the threats to survival from a world frankly and increasingly inhospitable to both. They need to lay aside the pleasantries and varnished unity of ecumenism, and sit down together for serious reflection.

While Protestants may not be as homogeneous as Catholics, they are still surprisingly united on one point: prejudice against Catholics, Catholicism, and traditional Catholic values. Theirs is a prejudice not of superiority but of fear. Catholics, on their side, share as a body one common attitude toward Protestants: pride. They think of all Protestants as late-coming heretics on a downhill slide, whereas they themselves can point to an unbroken line going back to Peter the Fisherman and to Jesus.

The Battle-Lines

Catholics may be proud of the right thing, but often for mostly the wrong reasons. Indeed, they *can* trace an unbroken line of teaching authority and therefore of religious certainty back to Jesus; without that authority, there is no salvation. If the Bishop of Rome and his See were to cease forever, there would shortly after be no more Christianity of any kind on this planet. So Catholics do possess a priceless treasure.

But, then, Catholics accept as ground and evidence of that treasure a certain system of Church government and a rationale for the spread of their views, when neither system nor rationale has anything essential to do with Jesus and his salvation. Many times, they have presumed to use evil in order to maintain these elements, as if they were themselves the treasure, and as if their real treasure made them immune from evil's subtle inroads. This was facile illusion. Jesus never promised immunity from Satan, only that Satan would not prevail. And Catholics are fair game.

Protestants from the beginning of their revolt conceived an unholy fear of Rome, of Romanism, of Catholic clergy and institutions. Many Protestants still behave with reflexes developed during the time of the Inquisition. And, despite the apparent fragmentation of Catholics' traditional obedience, Protestants still fear that Catholicism is a monolith which, given any really equal footing, will crush the liberty of Protestantism; that, in practical terms, if Catholics in the United States are allowed as free rein as atheists, Buddhists, Jews, Muslims, and Protestants themselves, they will take over and impose their views. This fear translates easily into prejudice.

Hence, the recent charge of politicking. If the same reaction had greeted every Synagogue presentation of views by Jimmy Carter, or President Ford's visit to the Reverend Criswell and the latter's endorsement of the President, the campaign atmosphere would have been even more unreal than it was anyway. Hence, also, the "inadmissibility" of Catholic viewpoints on the intellectual level and a consequent discrimination against their advocates on the campuses of universities.

The Catholics' reaction is by now predictable. They behave like any other special-interest lobby. An example. Why send a public delegation to see Ford and Carter about abortion? The U.S. Hierarchy know so well how to make discreet, behind-the-scenes inquiries—if all they intend is to learn the candidate's mind. A public delegation, of course, evokes a public declaration. But this is surely not the only way in which to make sure Catholics know the candidates' attitudes concerning abortion. How, having chosen these means, can the U.S. Hierarchy object to the accusation of "politicking"?

Thus do these two great flaws bedevil Protestants and Catholics. Protestants' prejudice perpetually butts its head against Catholics' pride. Catholics' pride rejects that prejudice. The insensitivity of the one evokes the insensitivity of the other. And both are unloving. Catholics despise the false fear that gives rise to prejudice in people who daily trumpet their attachment to democracy. Protestants refuse to accept as religiously motivated people who seek to redress their ills by exercising worldly power in the social, political, intellectual, and economic spheres.

A Truce of Love

Catholics and Protestants have chosen and still choose the weapons and instruments men use to build empires, create political citadels, and control the minds of other men. So most of their leaders do not know what spiritual authority is, nor have they ever wielded purely moral power. And the vast bulk of Christians cannot recognize or respond to either. Rarely in the last fifteen hundred years have Christians faced the world armed only with the hope that is in them and with a love incapable of generating hate but unconquerable by time's erosion or by the evil in other men. This is what Jesus had. He gave it freely to Christians as strength greater and more enduring than empires.

Both Catholics and Protestants need to confess their ignorance and ineptitude. Catholics do not really know why some Christians broke away in the sixteenth century to form Protestant churches. Nor do they know what to do about it. Protestants do not know what has gone wrong with their originally glorious idea of freedom from mental constraint, why the Bible has not been sufficient to arrest their decay, why the majority of other Christians reject their ministers as mere laymen (now, also, laywomen) with their collars turned backward. Both of them need to relearn that ancient and ever-renewing gift of Jesus: a primacy of love; a domination of love; an exclusive veto power by love over all other emotions that are adversaries of the mutual understanding that Catholics and Protestants so vitally need. We all lack the sensitivity of love and the perception only love can make fruitful even in harsh climates. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Muhammad Ali

The word, once upon a time, was uppity. His hips bump and grind: lubricous. He gives Ken Norton a sensual come-on, flirting, waving him in toward his body, brazen as some Eighth Avenue tart. He is still gorgeous: his eyes, wrathful or sham-wrathful, flame like the mute, exaggerative eyes of a silent-film vamp. Before each early round he will propeller one arm: caricaturing the sport, its dead-seriousness. And between rounds he will cheerlead 30,000 at Yankee Stadium in a chorus of "Norton must fall, Norton must fall." This isn't the prize ring: closer to the bull ring. Muhammad Ali has complicity with his audience: matadors have a similar, though more tacit, relationship: human art and bravado—you and I—against unconscious, doomed brute strength. Ali degrades his opposition, his black opposition in particular, to a dumb creaturehood. This isn't exactly good sportsmanship. And good sportsmanship serves as a hedge against eventual defeat. Ali will pocket $6 million tonight because he is, has always been, willing to risk more than money and the odd hits. He risks humiliation.

But Ken Norton is a lousy bull: not impetuous enough. Arms twitch up and jitter, defensive: Jersey mosquito legs snapped off. His attack is awkward, patient. Ken Norton boxes as though he's gotten to Yankee Stadium by passing a civil service exam. He doesn't punch; he punches in. It's what you might call a drudge fight. In simple fact, Norton has bored Ali half to death. Ali needs rash foils: Liston, Foreman. Fighting Ken Norton is rather like painting a still-life of your laundry. Worse, Norton won't be awed by Ali's charismatic gall: he has beaten him once (he broke Ali's jaw then) and lost once on a questionable split decision. There isn't even danger to pique Ali's interest. That broken jaw notwithstanding, neither man can be significantly hurt, neither man has the left hook of a Girl Guide. Ali loiters on the top

rope, forearms up/across his face and chest. Norton will push cranky weak jabs through: someone trying to get inside an occupied phone booth. This is Ali's rope-a-dope stratagem. In his most brash, magnificent performance he let mighty George Foreman slug himself limp before knocking him out. But the ropes here are taut—Ali can't lean away from Norton's pedestrian abuse—and Norton is in superb shape. Ali's mouthpiece-fat grin says, You-can't-hurt-me. True, Norton can't. And, meanwhile, out of an elitist disdain, Ali has given five or six rounds away.

Then, surprise: the ninth round and Ali is up on feet of Clay: a sweet dance that no partner has followed yet. It all came back to me: his first title fight; Sonny Liston; five hundred dollars of my Cambridge fellowship money dropped in a single mistaken bet. Liston looked like the black Golem. He put a tail on Clay; wide, murderous left hooks sickled out. Out and contactless. That runic, strange dance was never improvident: in those quarter-instants when Cassius Clay went from balance to new balance, he could unpack quick leather: it's the sort of calculation we do with computers now. Still Liston shadowed, old truths—death, famine, pestilence—implicit in his rough slouch. Then, all at once and at center ring, Clay found a place between balances. In just one second he hit Liston eight, maybe ten, discrete times: jab, right cross, jab, right cross. Hand speed so phenomenal that my retina was streaked with after-imagery. And over the darkest, most implacable face ever made by God there passed a child's sulky, lorn dismay. Liston became another thing: obsolete and foolish, small. Then, bounce, Clay had gone. Hell, it was worth five hundred and all the greasy chips I ate that English winter. Back then, until we all decided he wasn't a patriot, Muhammad Ali had to be the greatest heavyweight fighter in man's long bipedal history.

For three minutes, not much more than that, Ali is the other Six Million Dollar Man. With his wise agility and prodigious jabbing reach (Norton has ten inches less of arm) you'd need a grocer's catchpole to get his attention, let alone his jaw. For just three minutes. We're both 34. Give me eight weeks' training and, at $400,000 per round, I'd dance. Oh, I'd dance. Yet, by round ten, Ali is flatfooted, mortal. A matter of hubris, not just conditioning. All that float-like-a-butterfly jazz, well, it never was quite macho enough down on 125th Street. Now Norton's overhand right can score: it will arrive with the same anticipation, the same speed as a royalty check. After round 13 everyone and his svelte, minked-over blonde date has caught on: Muhammad Ali is going to lose.

THE DECISION stinks: 8-7, 8-7, 8-6-1 for Ali. A unanimous choke: all three officials might have been bred by Frank Perdue. The very pro-Ali crowd is undemonstrative. Relief and shame aren't your most scintillating emotions. But it hasn't always been like that. In 1963 Clay purse-snatched a hairy, close decision from Doug Jones, another CPA-type heavyweight. The Madison Square Garden folk were indignant. So indignant that I got coshed behind my left ear with a full can of Schlitz—full: that's *real* indignation. Since, though, Ali has engaged America's rebel heart.

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He's left over from our boisterous, me-first Sixties. He can entertain. He won this night on style, not substance, the way a Kunstler would. Ken Norton didn't lose. He was snubbed.

Muhammad Ali, as of this writing, says he'll hang it up. He should; but probably he can't. Not long ago a mutual friend—a black athlete who has known Ali since the 1960 Olympics—told me: "He thinks he's rich. He isn't. The Muslims have been taking him for all they can get. Ali's so naïve. And generous. He trusts everyone. It's enough to make you sick." Yah, and we took Ali's prime fighting years away because we thought his religious objection wasn't conscientious enough. He'll fight again. Even though he can't hear the boogie, secret tunes he once danced so lithely to. Humiliation, that gruff and baited animal, is sniffing Muhammad Ali out. □

FILM

HUGH KENNER

Miltonic Monkey

Flackery prates of a new improved *King Kong*, with a bigger hence better ape and a $22-million price tag. In 1933 Merian C. Cooper brought in the original for one-fiftieth of that, a mere $430,000 plus change. The sound effects cost under $450, including $10 for the squawk of a pterodactyl.

Today connoisseurship of spray-can excellence is apt to be condescending. The black-and-white is grainy, the animation jerky, Kong himself of uncertain size (fifty feet according to the publicists; actually 18 feet in the jungle, raised to 24 in New York after the stone canyons dwarfed him in the first tests). It all creaks.

Still, on the Late Show, on campuses, and in art theaters, Kong hypnotizes as he did 43 years ago. Kong atop the Empire State Building (brand new when the picture was made), snatching a fragile biplane out of the air with Fay Wray stunned at his feet, is the single most unforgotten image in the history of cinema. At the premiere it overwhelmed the *New York Times* man, whose review, apparently written in a state of shock, ascribed *Gulliver's Travels* to Defoe. At an East Side Manhattan movie house this fall, in what was billed as the positively final showing, it was still pretty overwhelming.

Misinformation about how it was all done quickly filled 1933 magazine columns, some of it planted by the studio, which wanted to protect its investment by leading competitors into expensive blind alleys. *Modern Mechanix* explained that Kong was a man in an ape-suit; later at least two actors claimed the role, and only seven years ago one of them was telling the *Chicago Sun-Times* what his pay had been per week. Guff. No man donned a monkey-suit for any part of *King Kong*. Contrariwise, somebody from RKO fed *Time* a statistics-studded fantasy about a fifty-foot robot ape, its 85 motors operated by six men. Also guff, though in the Thirties any yarn with a robot seemed plausible, and *Time* bit.

Belatedly, two kong-sized paperbacks now take us behind the scenes: Orville Goldner and George E. Turner's *The Making of King Kong* (Ballantine, $3.95), Ronald Gottesman and Harry Geduld's *The Girl in the Hairy Paw* (Avon, $5.95). *Girl* is an edited potpourri in which authenticities are uncritically jumbled with myth. *Making* seems reliable as far as it goes, but you'll need to supplement it with details from *Girl*. The prose of both books is uniformly excruciating.

Anyhow, Kong. There was a giant head, for close-ups of natives being chewed, a giant paw to cradle the life-sized Miss Wray, a giant foot, crane operated, to stomp victims. But when you saw Kong all at once what you saw was no bigger than a large teddy-bear: about 18 inches. His aluminum skeleton had joints that held their positions, and his latex flesh was covered with strips of rabbit fur.

A young sculptor named Marcel Delgado handcrafted the Kongs: two of them, one for use while the other got repaired (on pages 204 and 205 of *Girl* you can see them both in one photo). They needed much repair because most of the picture was shot frame by frame, consuming hours under hot lights for a few seconds' screen action, and the heat and the constant minute repositioning kept breaking down the latex. Especially, the brow of Kong's mobile face received so many thousand manipulations that repair had to be superimposed on repair, and Kong in late reels is twice as beetle-browed as when he first snatched Fay from the jungle altar.

For the human actors there were life-size sets, notably the Skull Island village wall ("built so long ago," says the script, "that the people who live there now have slipped back, forgotten the higher civilization that built it"). In plain fact, the wall had been built in 1926 by Cecil B. De Mille for *King of Kings*, and a few years after serving *Kong*'s purposes it was burned to ashes in about six minutes as part of *Gone with the Wind*'s Atlanta.

Its gates (who forgets the scene when Kong batters them open?) were typical Hollywood serendipity. On Skull Island they make no strategic sense (if your wall is to keep Kong out, why build into it a portal tall enough to admit him?) but De Mille had left a twenty-by-sixty-foot gap to be hung by huge curtains, and the Kong carpenters had to close it with something. So a sequence was born. Once a gate had been built, Cooper

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trusted his showman's instinct about gates. A gate is to smash.

And Willis O'Brien, who did all the special effects—in fact some two-thirds of the picture—had a deeper instinct still, manifested when he issued sets of Gustave Doré engravings to the painters of the exquisite glass plates that served, plane behind plane, for tabletop jungle scenery amid which his model saurians roared and thrashed. Scene after scene paraphrases effects of Doré's; that is why a hazy light as of early creation outlines the myriad treetops; why the source of light is always impenetrably deeper within the scene; why little humans move backlighted through Edenic glades that conceal (like Milton's Eden) nameless menace: darkness inexplicably menaced by brightness. O'Brien was inspired by Doré who was inspired by Milton, for whom the dispositions of light and dark were less schematic than his theology made them.

IT WAS ALSO O'Brien, plotting the intricate stop-motion choreography, timing the gestures, touching nuance into gigantic grimaces, who in effect created the character of Kong, filmdom's only interesting monster. The assignment he had received from Cooper was no more than to animate a gigantic gorilla who should menace the movie's lovers, scare citizenry, get killed. (Milton the poet received a similar assignment from Milton the ideologue.)

But in the footage O'Brien delivered the movie acquired its hero. No one has ever cared a pin for the lovers, no one even remembers their screen names (Fay Wray's was Ann Darrow, and if you didn't know that, neither did the reviewer for the *Times*, who garbled it). But audiences still feel uncanny sympathy when Kong understands that he is mortally wounded, and lifts Fay's limp form for a farewell look.

Despite all Milton's pains, his Adam and Eve became in the same way stick figures; despite all Milton's fierce theology his Satan became the hero of *Paradise Lost*, a poem that didn't set out to display a hero. And the huge dark Kong derives at several removes from the huge dark archangel whose very shield hung on his shoulder huge as a lunar world.

Which is not to make Willis O'Brien a student of Milton: only to note what came of his study of Gustave Doré. For the majesty of Satan is caught in the same engravings from which Kong's animator, imitating their decor of light and foliage, absorbed more than he knew. The authors of *The Making of King Kong* note how "the wonderful scene in which Kong observes his domain from the 'balcony' of his mountaintop home" resembles a Doré illustration to *Paradise Lost*, "Satan Overlooking Paradise." The resemblance is more than scenic; Kong has Satan's imperial stature, here as at many such points infused into the film.

The movie ends where *Paradise Lost* begins, with white winged powers driving the black bulk into an abyss:

Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Sky
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition . . .

King Kong (1933) was the last of many remakes in many media of *Paradise Lost* (1667), and the most popular since Byron transfixed the imagination of Europe with a role he'd modeled on Satan. *King Kong* (1976) will be lucky if it's any more than a vulgar enlargement of *King Kong* (1933). What a big ape they're fabricating! But that wasn't the point. □

The PRINTED WORD

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Playboy & Sons

Dr. Johnson remarks that a man might lie as happily in the arms of a chambermaid as of a duchess, were it not for imagination. The insight that sex appeal is much more than just physical appeal is the basis, oddly enough, of *Playboy*'s success. Hugh Hefner describes himself as a man of romantic temperament, and in a sense he is surely right: the Playmates are famous for their wholesome, girl-next-door quality, which has to do partly with their fresh looks, but also with the magazine's courtly format that supplies, however leeringly, their social credentials. It shows them in elegant dress, in ritzy surroundings, at civilized activities, as well as in the buff. They may not be duchesses but, by golly, they aren't chambermaids, let alone your common tramps. They are just the sort of girls to appeal to a shallow, upwardly mobile young fellow of the sort whose aspirations and self-delusions are so savvily played on by the rest of the magazine. It's respectable middle-class porn, whose decent drapery surrounds the consumer's appetite rather than the Playmate's flesh—vice, even solitary vice, losing half its evil by losing all its grossness.

A RECENT *Washington Post* story lets on that *Playboy* is now aiming at a piece of the family market—going for the PG rating. The porn competition, it seems, has outstripped it, so to speak. *Playboy* is tame stuff compared with most of the skin mags at any newsstand; so its producers think it can take its place on America's coffee tables, its aesthetics and ethos being relatively near the mainstream. After all, consider its rivals.

There's *Penthouse*. It came along about five years ago and now has nearly as many readers as *Playboy* itself, whose circulation has fallen off. *Penthouse* went beyond *Playboy* at the start by showing pubic hair, a first for a mass magazine. It was an aggressive proposition, frankly modeled on *Playboy* but raunchier, with ungrateful insinuations that Hugh Hefner was a bit of a sissy, and his magazine kid stuff; whereas it, *Penthouse*, was for real men, men who didn't feel they needed glossy articles and short stories to take the curse off the fold-out. Still, *Penthouse* too is quite middle-class, and has offered articles by writers like Harrison Salisbury exposing the CIA or JFK's real killers or whatever. Its girls, unlike those of the old *Playboy*, don't affect the overripe-virgin-in-search-of-a-deflowerer look: they come across as grad school nymphomaniacs, and the camera always seems to have caught them a split second before they commence an orgy of autoeroticism, while casting their sultry gaze right into its lens.

This fashion—the brazen look—now prevails in the booming mass porn market. *Playboy* itself has had to make concessions to it: a recent cover showed a girl sitting alone in a dark movie house, wearing only panties, into which she had thrust her hand, evidently to masturbate. (So far as I know, none of these magazines has ever acknowledged that it is any part of their purpose to incite their own

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male readers to self-abuse.) *Playboy* is now, they say, retreating from that kind of thing, groping its way back toward relative innocence, but the other magazines continue to press ahead. Naked breasts alone must not suffice to sell copies any more; the emphasis is on genitals, with suggestions of female degradation and depravity abounding. Meanwhile, the context of social grace and material luxury fades into irrelevance. The woman in the new porn exists to be not glamorized but humiliated.

THE THIRD in the porn circulation race is *Hustler*, which outbrazens the top two. It calls itself "the magazine nobody quotes," guffawing at its own bad taste, which is its trademark. A friend of mine, having seen it for the first time, wincingly characterized it as "concentration-camp stuff," which conveys pretty well the tone of a publication that embellishes nudity with open vaginas, urination, and other matter that generally imparts less eroticism than indignity. It aims to defile, and affects a Rabelaisian zest to disguise its cruelty. John Lukacs has remarked that the really obscene, and essential, part of pornography is the woman's face; for the real point is not the exposure of parts, but rather the symbolic brutalization of the person. Even in the early *Playboy* one detects this, in a strain of ridicule of sexually submissive women as stupid and promiscuous. The *Playboy* philosophy was for men; the woman who bought it was really a dupe.

Back when *Playboy* had to justify itself, its line was that it was expressing a natural dimension of mankind, which only incidentally struck a number of prudes as obscene. By now it is clear that obscenity, the profanation of the woman, was always implicitly intended. No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures—to bring this discussion back to Johnson—and the sales figures for these magazines tell us perhaps more than we care to know about human nature. Much of *Playboy*'s special appeal is its habit of featuring well-known women, though from the strictly biological view they have no particular interest. It is instructive that both *Playboy* and *Hustler* got their starts by publishing photos of famous women in the raw: Marilyn Monroe and Jacqueline Onassis. Pornography, like lust itself in many cases, is animated by a compulsion to destroy privacy and personal worth; it is not simply an exuberance of animal appetite. On the contrary, lust is a very different thing from the desire for lust. We often hear pornography spoken of as a "release," when it is evidently a stimulant. And why would a man with his desires in good working order take pains to excite them? Surely they will find their own occasions?

A few years ago, film critic Arthur Knight (writing in *Playboy*, as a matter of fact) recalled the prediction of some liberals that allowing franker depiction of sex in movies would result in less violent films, as the benevolent sensuality of our natures displaced the repression-induced cruelty. Instead,

"Miss Lillian!"

Knight observed, we found ourselves assaulted by movies thick with both sex *and* violence: not only in alternation, either, but often intertwined in themes like rape and mutilation. Those who still contend that the removal of restraints is an essentially healthy thing seem rather to ignore the facts than to address them. Male sexuality, at least, is full of dark and bloody possibilities. They find increasing expression in pornographic magazines, which now seem well on the way to shaking hands with police reports and tabloid headlines. How any man who has ever loved a woman can regard these things with anything but deep repugnance, I can't imagine. The more pornographic they become, the less they can be called *sexual*: the essence of the sexes is their complementarity, after all, to which the depersonalized abjection of either is inimical. Susan Brownmiller may be wrong about everything else, but she is right to see in pornography a symbolic equivalent of rape.

In order to go into the business, it seems, you need more than just a naked girl and a camera: you also need a certain facility with First Amendment clichés. The producer of the skin mag has to characterize his trade as a sort of mission of emitting light, and it helps to be able to make it sound as if his specialty is constitutionally licensed: that keeps the law off his back. Better yet, he can, if he is as sharp as Hugh Hefner, make it sound as if that specialty is constitutionally *mandated*, teleologically necessitated by the original commitment of the Framers. (This is especially flattering to the reader, for it encourages him to feel that his interest is mighty serious.) Poor Constitution! That carefully worked out consensus among mutually wary states, designed to preserve specific and familiar liberties already possessed ("*the* freedom of speech [and] of the press"), has been cranked up into a charter for peep-shows. It may die of overwork.

INDISPENSABLE for this purpose is the phrase "freedom of expression." It is just conceptually sloppy enough to promote confusion about the difference between speech and behavior. Yet it sounds so official. There is a comic shock in shifting one's attention abruptly from the highfalutin libertarian jargon to the photos of women simulating throes of onanistic bliss. And of course what you see *is* simulation, an interesting reflection on all the cant about the new "frankness": Is faking lust less hypocritical—more "candid"—than faking virtue? It is more like the homage vice pays to obsession.

If the tobacco industry can't claim constitutional protection for its advertisements, it makes no sense to regard the porn industry as merely engaged in a variant of free speech; nor should the coincidence that its products can be put on paper and stapled together lead us to suppose that pornography has any vital relation to the printed word. However the problem should be handled, the philosophers of prurience should be laughed to scorn when they claim the shelter of constitutional provisions that were intended to preserve the integrity of public discussion. □

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BOOKS

Euclid for the Space Age

GUY DAVENPORT

Geodesic Math and How to Use It
By Hugh Kenner
University of California,
172 pp., $10.95; paper, $5.95

Archimedes, who once lifted a ship out of the bay of Syracuse by depressing a lever and offered to unseat the sun the same way if only he had a place to stand to play that much purchase, had to be dragged away from his worktable by his servants for his bath, and even then, Plutarch tells us, he drew geometric figures on his tummy with the strigil.

Plutarch—philosopher, priest, biographer, mayor of a country town, Pythagorean, anthropologist, historian, and conversationalist whose table talk would be rivaled in wattage only by that of Samuel Johnson and Thomas Jefferson—includes the anecdote of Archimedes and his bath in an essay about the pleasures of the mind. (The next anecdote on the page is one the whole world knows, and mispronounces: how Archimedes at the public bath discovered the principle of weight and displacement, and ran naked down the street back to his house shouting to all the citizens on the way, "*Heureka*!"—"I've got it!")

THE PLEASURES of the mind. Epicurus, who used to turn three times on his axis (his very own words) at the sight of a girl as beautiful as a boy, or a boy as beautiful as a girl, had counted the senses and found them to be five. Plutarch counted six, and argued that by omitting intellect Epicurus made life positively dull.

Hugh Kenner's new book—his 17th by my count—is as rigorous and astounding an intellectual event as all his others, but it has risen to the upper rooms of the mansion, several floors above the library where we first met him when he was wonderfully and improbably young (*Paradox in Chesterton*—sometime in the Forties—followed by some of the most brilliant essays of our age). Then came *The Poetry of Ezra Pound*, a strong, bold, exciting book. Mr. Kenner's books have always been events in my life, and I have always had to drop what I was doing when one came out and give all attention to it. *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* interrupted the organization of the Army's Special Forces for three afternoons. *Wyndham Lewis* (1954) sent me off to Perry Miller's American Lit. Seminar unprepared. "Hugh Kenner's new book is out," I explained, having no hope that I was explaining anything at all, though I had, and the great man made a note of the fact rather than eating me alive. *Dublin's Joyce*, *Gnomon*, *The Art of Poetry*, and *The Invisible Poet: T. S. Eliot* also coincided with the Harvard years, and my immediate educators, except for Douglas Bush and Harry Levin, China Clipper captains who had crossed and recrossed the seas we prentice midshipmen were venturing upon as greenhorns, were so many chatterboxes compared to Hugh Kenner's books.

When it was hard to believe how they could be more inventive or better written, there came the *Samuel Beckett*, a book as perfect as a book can be; and then that pair of studies, *The Stoic Comedians* and *The Counterfeiters*, books so new in their analysis of the world and so elegant in their construction that only a handful of scholars have grasped what they are about.

The Pound Era (1971): an utterly new kind of book, an invention in critical writing, a book that does not belong to our age but to the history of the mind. It is a new way of making a map of the arts, something comparable to Lévi-Strauss' new map of human nature.

The Pound Era organizes a library of texts and an historical period not into the old-fashioned regimentation of heading, sub-heading, and sub-sub-heading, with *ab ovo* biographies set into the walls like murals, or with historical figures grouped like so much statuary in halls and gardens. Its design (as Mr. Kenner tells us in his next book, *Bucky*) is something new in the world, a *tensegrity*. *Bucky* ("a guided tour of R. Buckminster Fuller") seems a radical departure for a literary critic, as if he had set up his desk in the architecture school of his university, on his way to drifting all the way over to the math department. But *Bucky* was a perfectly logical progression in Mr. Kenner's career.

When *Oedipus at Colonus* was first performed, the audience heard a speech extolling Athenian civilization (Yeats made a miraculous translation in 1934, when sharp ears could hear barbarity sharpening its knives—"And yonder in the gymnasts' garden thrives/The self-sown, self-begotten shape that gives/ Athenian intellect its mastery . . ."). The audience had but to turn and see

Guy Davenport *is a professor of English at the University of Kentucky.* . . . **William Murchison** *is on the staff of the* Dallas Morning News. . . . **Charles Nicol** *is a professor of English at Indiana State University.* . . . **Steve Ownbey** *is a freelance writer who works for the Navy Department.* . . . **Mitchell S. Ross**, *also a freelance writer, herewith makes his debut in* NR.

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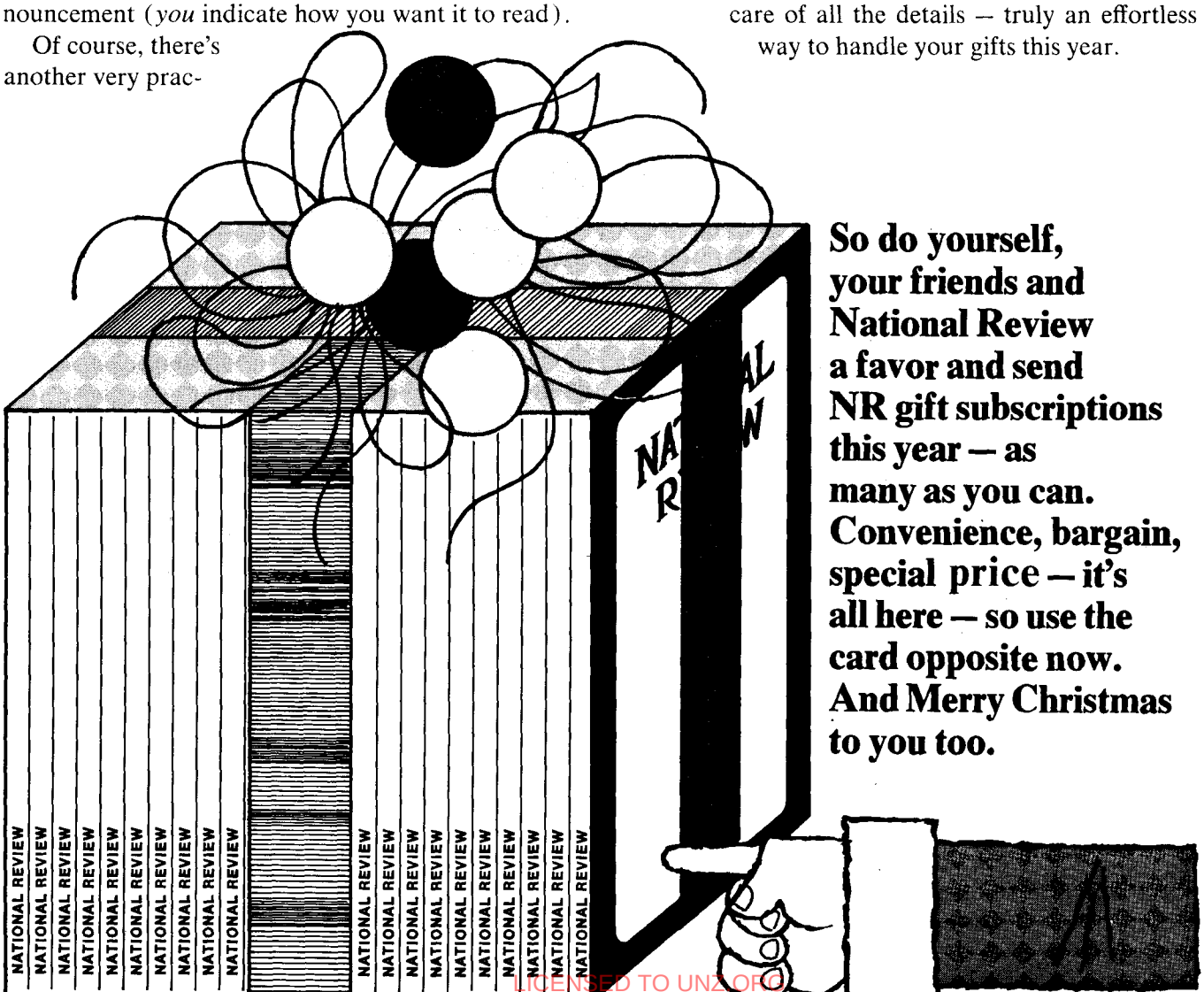

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the newly built Parthenon looming above them: the architectural expression of Sophocles' words.

It has been Mr. Kenner's perception, in a triumphant moment of keenest vision, that the invisible forces that hold "The Waste Land" together, and Pound's *Cantos*, and many another modern text, belong to the principle of tensegrity (*tensile integrity*), examples of which were known in knots, the bicycle, ship's rigging, the Wright aeroplane, before R. Buckminster Fuller began to explore the synergy of such structures and to invent a large family of geodesic structures — domes like vast umbrellas of aluminum cobwebbing.

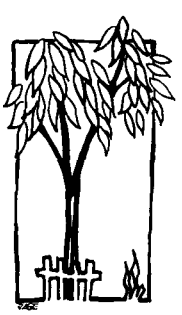
Mr. Fuller has been telling us for some years now that we need no longer *over*-build, that we can abandon deadweight structures (Stonehenge, the Empire State Building). His giant geodesic globe at Expo-67, his roof-spans over the Shaw Gardens in St. Louis, at Woods Hole, in Dearborn, are breathtakingly minimal in their use of materials, and from an engineer's point of view they are weightless. They absorb the pull of gravity and distribute it throughout their structure, so that the force that ought to pull it apart in reality holds it together.

And beyond these geodesic roofs, shelters, domes (slowly going up around the world, as at a remoter moment the bow and arrow began to appear in a world of stone axes), Mr. Fuller introduced about twenty years ago strange models of sticks and wires that seem to defy both geometry and all the laws of nature. The sticks do not touch each other (they are arrested by a rigging of wires from exploding outward). These structures are strong, strong. They bounce, they return to their original shape when pressed together. They ought somehow to have occurred to Pythagoras and da Vinci and the Wright brothers. They did not; they are the newest things in the world.

And how do they work? There is Mr. Fuller's enormous book *Synergetics* (1974) to tell us (just you try it!) and a small library of books about Fuller and geodesics (about ten in all), but mathematics are the heart and gizzard of these structures. In Mr. Kenner's book we soon come, in the Introduction, to the little phrase "something hitherto unexplored." And that is where Mr. Kenner has always been, at the unopened door, his hand on the knob.

"I can show you," Mr. Kenner says, "how to calculate, to any degree of accuracy you need, the length of every member in the framing system, and every angle governing their junctions." And: "All this entails a whole new building technology which, despite some spectacular achievements, may be estimated to be still in the log-cabin stage." So this book (and its companions, same format, same publisher, Anthony Pugh's *Polyhedra: A Visual Approach* and *An Introduction to Tensegrity*, each $4.95) is nothing less than a manual for re-beginning the world of things which we used to build one way and can now build another way: houses, new Eiffel Towers, bridges, and structures undreamt of, the possibilities of which still lie hidden in the method. "This book may get some visionary genius started."

Meanwhile, you can lay in dowels and strings and build the structures yourself. A model cuboctahedron (a dozen sticks in orbit around nothing, untouching, kept from leaping all over the room by a cat's cradle of strings) sitting on the desk before me never fails to stop a visitor. The question "What is it?" can only be answered in terms that double back to the fact that it is a model of itself. The question "What is its use?" cannot be answered. Yet. Fuller—our Pythagoras and da Vinci all in one—calls himself an anticipatory designer. For years he and a few others have been evolving a new species of geometry (something like a new species of beings let out of a spaceship onto earth, millennia after Creation). Heraclitus warned us 2,500 years ago: What you must expect is the unexpected. And here it is. It seems to me beautifully obvious that Hugh Kenner would join its technology. As for my cuboctahedron on the desk, it quivers all the time.



A friend who, like me, reads everything Hugh Kenner writes, asked me if this characteristically uncharacteristic excursion into mathematics can be read with the same delight that we find his other books. The answer is ye Listen: "The parabola's zero point that ideal condition of rest which not ing real ever attains, and about whi a Tensegrity in particular dances eternal jig of pre-Socratic derision."

The Rise of the Mediocracy
By David Tribe
Graylock Publishers, 205 pp., $9.

COAL SMOKE

MITCHELL S. ROSS

We live in the age of the purposel book. Publishers look askance at aut ors' proposals to write books which not exalt, instruct, or terrify the read Even novelists, nowadays, must tabbed according to their sexual, pc tical, or racial purposes, and their wor found worthy of attention because their fidelity to those qualities.

How rare, in the world of how-to find a writer who is untouched the contemporary passion for purpos David Tribe is one such. If only could be made aware of it, he mig be able to write a decent book. H current effort, *The Rise of the Medic racy*, suffers from its fundamental se ousness. A serious book, which ha pens also to be a purposeless book, bound to be a very bad book indee

Tribe, a British subject, makes t mistake of mounting a theory. He fa to realize that his theory is pointle Essentially, it goes like this: the wor owing to the confluence of numerc factors, has become a mediocre pla the forces which rule the world— the spheres of art, business, politics, whatever—thus constitute a medi racy. Because this situation exists, Tri argues, there can be no true greatn in our world; the great in a medio world is still, necessarily, mediocre.

There are two things wrong with t theory. First, it presumes the judgm of history, which no wise man wo ever do; second, it pre-empts analy because all commentary must conclu with the notice that the thing bei analyzed is mediocre. This casts a pressing pall over the entire proce ing.

Stripping his book of its theo

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RANDOM NOTES

A LAST OCTOBER TITLE: Carl Bode, a ographer of H. L. Mencken, has edited id annotated *The New Mencken Letters* Dial Press, $19.95).

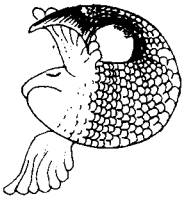
MORE NOVEMBER BOOKS: In *The First mendment and the Future of American emocracy* (Basic Books, $12.50), Walter erns takes another look at the First mendment. "Morality," he says, "cannot legislated . . . but the law can lend pport to the moral disposition of a peo- e." . . . Gabriel García Márquez' *The utumn of the Patriarch* (Harper & Row, .95) is a novel about the declining years a Latin American dictator whose wife, former nun, is devoured by dogs. . . . seph Frank's *Dostoyevsky: The Seeds of evolt, 1821-1849* (Princeton, $16.50) is e first volume of what looks to be the finitive biography of the Russian novel- . . . . *Georgia O'Keeffe* (Viking Studio, 0 till Christmas; $75 thereafter) is es- ntially a coffee-table book of Miss Keeffe's familiar poster-art, but it carries autobiographical text by the painter. . . . ilippe Jullian and John Phillips' *The her Woman: A Life of Violet Trefusis* Houghton Mifflin, $10) is a biography of e lover of Victoria Sackville-West, the et and wife of Sir Harold Nicolson. iblisher and authors presume that you ve not forgot the eloquent *Portrait of a Marriage*. . . . Speaking of which: Nigel Nicolson and Joan Trautman have completed the second of a planned six volumes of *The Letters of Virginia Woolf* (Harcourt, $14.95). The new volume covers the years 1912-1922. . . . Meta Carpenter Wilde and Orin Borsten discuss an affair of thirty years in *A Loving Gentleman: The Love Story of William Faulkner and Meta Carpenter* (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). . . . Leni Riefenstahl's newest book is called *The People of Kau* (Harper, $25). It is graced with more than a hundred color photographs of the daily activities of a Nuban village in the Sudan, and is positively lovely. . . . The law of historical justice would seem to be—to paraphrase Mark Twain on New England weather—"If you don't like the verdict, wait a bit." Now Anthony Scaduto argues, in *Scapegoat: The Lonesome Death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann* (Putnam, $12.50), that the kidnapper of the Lindbergh baby was framed. . . . J. Bowyer Bell's *Terror Out of Zion* (St. Martin's, $12.95) is a study of the Israeli terrorist organization, Irgun. Bell was formerly a history teacher at an exclusive private school in New York, but terrorists have a high personal regard for him, despite his past effeteness, and so they confide everything to him. His credentials as a reporter are hence impeccable.

■ A DECEMBER TITLE: John Gardner's new novel, *October Light* (Knopf, $10), is worth looking into.

ibe emerges as a colossal grouch. His apters are rarely more than five ges long, and each one constitutes a ief tantrum against some aspect or other of social life. The second part the book, deemed "practical" (as opsed to the "theoretical" first part), veals a lively talent for alliterative apter headings. In order, they read: Redundant Religion," "Pusillanimous olitics," "Rancid Research," "Expendle Education," "Poisoned Professons," "Bungled Business," "Curbless rime," "Prostrate Press," "Blathering oadcasting," "Anarchic Architecre," "Arid Art," "Mangled Music," Lackluster Literature," and "Filmic otsam." These phrases so delight the thor that he sprinkles them liberally roughout his text. Crime is never just ime; it is "curbless crime." Business ust always be "bungled business." nd, indeed, at one point we are informed, "Music has been so mangled e might expect to hear it played on mangle." There are other attempts enrich the language. A PhD thesis, we are told, "is as likely to be of arcane obscurity as of bland banality." This is in contrast to a thesis of forthright obscurity and exciting banality. "Radical chic," a phrase happily retired from the American scene, is here revived as a whipping post for every popular idea or practice of which the author disapproves. This happens to be most of them, so "radical chic" gets a good workout.

So much for Tribe's phrasemaking. Not knowing the man, I am unaware of whatever cruel blows the world has dealt him, and I would not for a moment deprive him of his crotchets. Neither, of course, would I insist on making his acquaintance. He comes across as one of those disagreeable people who, if you are cursed to have them as neighbors, threaten to sue you the moment you step on their grass, or call the police to complain about the noise whenever you have a party. Ordinarily, such people do not write books, so it is nice to have such a complete exposition of their world-view.

It must also be confessed that he is not altogether wrongheaded in thinking the world a mess. Occasionally his nasty irony finds a target. He writes, in "Anarchic Architecture": "As building inspectors proliferate and town planners multiply, buildings become less safe and towns look less planned." In "Problem of Bigness," he writes, "Despite the 'global village' of television, the artist's background of knowledge and experience is increasingly idiosyncratic, rootless, classless, and unrelated to that of other artists from which he used to derive sustenance, inspiration, and a yardstick to measure his own impressions and achievements." These are exceptional moments, however, and they add up to no more than ten pages' worth of aphorisms. The rest of the time, Tribe is hooting and hollering at the world and trying to make his mediocracy real.



He fails, of course, because there is no purpose in his diatribe. He is serious, but that is quite a different matter. It would be much better if he were frivolous, and permitted himself a satirist's freedom. As it stands, Tribe has frustrated himself and aggravated the rest of us. Shadow boxers should stay out of public view. □

Twentieth Century Journey: The Start, 1904-1930
By William L. Shirer
Simon & Schuster, 510 pp., $12.50

GLITTERING DAYS

WILLIAM MURCHISON

One day in the late summer of 1925 a new graduate of Coe College, William L. Shirer by name, drew in his first breath of Paris. He was enchanted. The cathedrals, the parks, the cafés, the boulevards—was not this paradise? Answering in the affirmative, Shirer spent much of the rest of his life in Europe, chronicling for the American press the splendors of his adopted continent. Yet more often he would write of its tribulations, its anguish, its disintegration. It was the irony of Shirer's life, though perhaps the joy as well, to

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discover Europe just before the break-up of the old civilization amid dictatorship and world war.

Long since retired from active journalism, Shirer is most celebrated nowadays for his sprawling histories, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* and *The Collapse of the Third Republic*. Well, they are good books. But my hunch is that his memoirs-in-progress may prove to be as rich and as significant as anything he has written. The first volume, carrying the author just past his 26th birthday, is a considerable start.

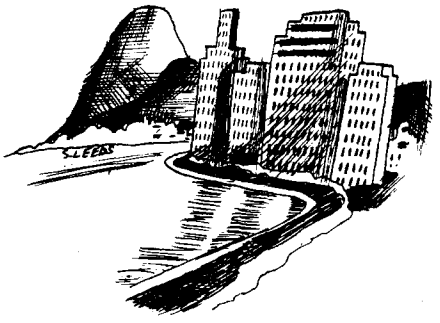
SHIRER MAY have had a fairly conventional childhood, growing up in Chicago, and Cedar Rapids, Iowa, but his young manhood was the reverse of conventional. On his first visit to Europe, he secured a job on the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune*. A coworker on the night copy desk was James Thurber. Such exotics as Scott Fitzgerald and Isadora Duncan were apt to drop by the office—Fitzgerald gloriously blotto, Duncan ravingly angry. These were of course the golden days of the expatriate American writers, who prattled, between absinthes, of the grand novels they were hatching; some of them, like Hemingway, even put typewriter to paper.

In one way, Shirer was very much of their school. Suffocated by what he deemed the shallow provincialism of the Midwest, he came to Europe and breathed—for the first time, he was certain—the clean air of freedom and real, not manufactured, sophistication. No more Coolidges, no more Rotarians; rather, a glorious blur of sidewalk cafés, bookstalls, Gothic churches, and half-touched aperitif glasses. Yet, unlike most of the expatriates, Shirer lacked literary pretensions. A highly literate man, he nevertheless knew himself to be meant for reporting, not poetry. A fellow Cedar Rapidan, Grant Wood, was to decide at last that his destiny lay in painting not the Luxembourg Gardens, but the scenes of home. Shirer went home only once between 1925 and 1930: there was nothing going on in America.

Europe was another matter. Sent to Italy by the *Tribune*—he had graduated from the frivolous Paris edition to the paper's regular Paris bureau—he reported on Mussolini's consolidation of Fascism. In London, a city that he detested for the most part, the rise of the Labor Party and Britain's growing economic malaise commanded his attention. Germany was to come later in Shirer's career; but there, too, he sensed grim things happening. European civilization might be a cathedral, but there was a curious dusty odor all the same. Could the timbers be rotting? If so, Shirer hardly saw how the League of Nations could be counted on to set matters right. Dropping in for a few weeks to Geneva, the young correspondent saw hypocrisy and "fanatical nationalism" decked out in diplomatic ribbons.

Not that Shirer in any way anticipated the storm that was coming, which will be recorded in his next volume. His faith in Europe and in democracy persisted; it was simply that a feeling of disquiet would now and then come over him, as it came over others in those last, glittering days.

Shirer's perceptions were doubtless sharpened by his rooted Americanism. His employer, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of that most belligerently American newspaper, the *Tribune*, entertained occasional misgivings about Shirer's patriotism. In fact, however pronounced his Europeanism,



Shirer saw the world with the eyes of a Midwestern liberal. He was a believer, like his hero Clarence Darrow, in the rights of underdogs. Inevitably, this meant he would bristle at the stirring and snarling of topdogs—especially the brutal mastiffs then prowling Italy and Germany.

Apart from the fascination of the story it recounts, Shirer's book has other virtues. It is immensely readable, full of telling detail and good, crisp writing. In the course of reporting Europe, Shirer encountered many of the great and famous; with some, like Grant Wood, Isadora Duncan, Aneurin Bevan, and Sinclair Lewis, he spent considerable time. Some memoirists brag about their famous friends; Shirer is commendably modest about his own, even pointing out that after all he did not know Hemingway very well.

Would that Shirer were so modest about his views on a peripheral subje —early twentieth century America culture and economics. There is an u becoming sourness, a ferocity almos about his judgments on bankers a Babbitts, which he pronounces at gre length. Why mar good story-tellir with preaching?

Good story-telling is just what w have here, from an uncommonly goc reporter. In Volume 2, perhaps he w leave it at that.

FICTION

Slapstick
By Kurt Vonnegut
Delacorte, 243 pp., $7.9

KISS ME, I'M SENILE

CHARLES NICOL

"So it goes" used to be Vonnegu standard response to the world, a pa ented Kurt dismissal of painful absurc ties. It had some ironic resonance. B his new all-purpose comment, "Hi ho is simply deadpan idiocy:

> It is a thing I often say these day "Hi ho." It is a kind of senile hiccu I have lived too long.
> Hi ho.

That's what *Slapstick*'s hundred-year-o narrator says, but Vonnegut continual mumbles "Hi ho" in his proper pers in a long Prologue. Why a 55-year-o author wishes us to believe in his s nility escapes me. Still, I have admir Vonnegut's previous novels, and w attempt to treat this one seriously f a few paragraphs before my disbeli comes crashing down.

THE PLOT is as unlikely as those his other novels. Wilbur Swain and h twin sister Eliza, born monstrous Nea derthal throwbacks, are left to grow u as gigantic idiots in a mansion full servants and secret passageways. Wh they announce their true intelligenc their private self-education is interrupt and they are separated forever. Ma years later, after the Chinese ha miniaturized themselves and gone Mars, Wilbur becomes President of t United States on a platform of givi everybody new middle names so th the country becomes a collection of e tended families. Thus Wilbur's ne middle name is Daffodil-11, whi

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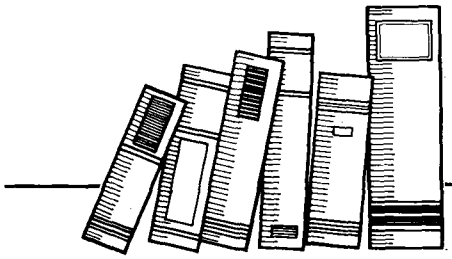

Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

After years of mindless slumber on the subject, we are ıddenly enjoying a modest renaisınce of thoughtful books concerning ·ime and law enforcement.

In recent months, just to pick the ɔvious examples, we have been favored ith Judge Macklin Fleming's *The Price f Perfect Justice*, James Q. Wilson's *hinking about Crime*, Ernest van den aag's *Punishing Criminals*, and the lmirable work of Robert Martinson ı corrections. The common theme of ıese researches is that the liberal–perissive view of criminal justice has ɔen a dismal failure and needs reacing.

Congruent with these studies, though ɔnceived from an entirely different ıgle, is Willard Gaylin's *Partial Justice* Vintage, $2.95), published between ırd covers in 1974 and recently reɜued as a quality paperback. Gaylin's ıbject is the wide disparity in judicial ntencing habits, and the obvious inɪuities that result when one convicted lon is sent up the river while another ıbbed for an identical crime is disɔrged anew into the streets. The ıthor, a psychiatrist and credentialed ɔeral, devotes considerable space to ploring the ideological and psychogical differences that produce such oss anomalies.

While mainly concerned with the ident truth that judges are fallible ıd widely variant human beings, Gayı is really making a more important ɔint: namely, that "rehabilitationist" nology, supposedly linked to psychic oblems of offenders, has been a fiftyar mistake. It is in obedience to this ɔtion that our courts enjoy broad scretion and deal routinely in indeterminate sentences, geared less to the avity of the crime than to the supɔsed redemption of the convict. On aylin's showing, the rehabilitation ɔesn't work, and the disparity in ntencing is a rank injustice. Hard to gue with.

If Gaylin's book comes over as a bliminal reassessment by a liberal of ɔeral attitudes on law enforcement, eorge Kirkham's *Signal Zero* (Lipncott, $8.95) is a very explicit one. Kirkham is a professor of criminology who at one time held conventional liberal opinions on matters of crime and its prevention—viewing the police as authoritarian, repressive types who enjoyed kicking around the unfortunates whom we brand as criminals but who in fact are merely victims of the system.

Challenged by a policeman-student to try the duties of the "authoritarian" cops, Kirkham did so, and had his eyes pried open in a hurry. Spending two months as a beat patrolman in a crime-ridden section of a major city, he found that reality was very different from academic theory. In particular he found that the police were the actual victims of "the system," trying as best they could to protect society from vicious hoodlums amidst a fantastic maze of guidelines and technicalities imposed upon them by liberal theorists in the courts.

The situation could get worse, and probably will, if *The Defenseless Society* (Green Hill, $1.95) is any indication. Frank Carrington (author of *The Victims*) and William K. Lambie, both associated with the Chicago-based Americans for Effective Law Enforcement, point out that existing restraints on the activities of the police are only a warm-up for the harsh restrictions that civil-liberties groups and liberal lawmakers are currently promoting.

Lambie and Carrington trace the efforts of leftward spokesmen to stretch the laudable concept of "privacy" beyond all recognizable meaning. As the civil libertarians would have it, "privacy" includes the right to plot all manner of violent or terrorist action exempt from official scrutiny—until the overt act has been committed or there is "probable cause" to think it will be. Such concepts have already been imposed on police intelligence agencies in many cities and, under legislation proposed in Congress, would be extended more widely still, to the detriment of social peace and individual freedom. Recommended reading for those who like to keep abreast of liberal absurdities. □

These people have something to say

- William A. Rusher
- Russell Kirk
- M. Stanton Evans
- Jeffrey Hart
- Ernest van den Haag
- D. Keith Mano
- Peter P. Witonski
- David Brudnoy
- J. Daniel Mahoney
- Cornelius J. Troost
- John Kiley
- F. Clifton White
- Robert K. Dornan
- Lev Navrozov

that's worth your listening

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means that all Daffodils are his distant relations, and all Daffodil-11s his immediate family. However, just as the world is solving its problem of loneliness, it is hit with a plague, gravity fluctuations force the abandonment of large cities, and Wilbur is left with a meaningless Presidency, ruling over a country that no longer exists except as an anarchic collection of feudal states. Thirty years later, Wilbur writes this book; apparently little has happened in the meantime. The last few chapters are remarkably sketchy, as if either the author or the narrator has gotten bored with the whole thing. When the seven dwarfs sang "Hi ho" they were more diligent.

We find out in the Prologue that Vonnegut has daydreamed the whole novel while flying to Indianapolis for his uncle's funeral, and that it is all meaningful. Unfortunately, the meaning is personal rather than universal; Vonnegut's first sentence is, "This is the closest I will ever come to writing an autobiography." And we are then supposed to extrapolate from a few family reminiscences to the action of the novel and marvel at something or other. Vonnegut's sister Alice had been embarrassingly tall, and had died of cancer at 41; she had described her impending death as "soap opera" and "slapstick" —obviously a Vonnegut through and through. So *Slapstick* is "really" about Kurt and Alice; "it depicts myself and my beautiful sister as monsters, and so on." Alice's husband died in a grotesque accident two days before she did; he was a passenger on "the only train in American railroading history to hurl itself off an open drawbridge." Consequently *Slapstick* is "grotesque, situational poetry"; it is supposedly about "what life *feels* like" to Vonnegut. But Hi ho?

KURT VONNEGUT is proud of his extensive family. Too proud. Apparently the notion of giving everyone an extended family was supposed to be earthshakingly delightful, the hopeful vision of *Slapstick*, but it doesn't work. Indeed, the notion that we would all identify with our fellow Daffodils, Chipmunks, Raspberries, or Orioles—all those folk given the same middle name by a computer in Washington, D.C.—is so silly that Vonnegut had already ridiculed it in a much better novel, *Cat's Cradle*. There, Hazel Crosby wanted all Hoosiers to call her Mom. She wanted an arbitrary extended family. Vonnegut ridiculed the notion. He called it a *granfalloon*. I'm afraid Slapstick is a great *granfalloon*, and as Bokonon said, "If you wish to study a *granfalloon*,/Just remove the skin of a toy balloon."

What's gone wrong? Simply, as Vonnegut rather circumspectly admits, he has lost the inspiration of the Muse. His sister "was the person I had always written for." He felt her "presence" for a number of years after she died, "but then she began to fade away, perhaps because she had more important business elsewhere." Now Vonnegut is without his own "audience of one," and it shows. This grotesque tribute to their growing up together hasn't brought back his sister's presence, and *Slapstick* is dedicated not to her, but to Laurel and Hardy. It doesn't live up to their memory, or Vonnegut's either. □

The Judgment of Deke Hunter
By George V. Higgins
Little, Brown, 276 pp., $8.95

ADAM-AND-EVE-12

STEVE OWNBEY

Here's a tip on how to read *The Judgment of Deke Hunter*. Read only Chapters 5, 10, 12, 14, 16, 19, 21, and 22, and you'll enjoy an exciting, colorful, funny, clever, and rather provocative novelette about a bank robbery trial. The dramatic and intellectual high point of that novelette is an angry argument between semi-honorable detective Hunter and semi-honorable prosecutor Shanley. The issue is whether to cover up (Hunter) or expose (Shanley) the fact that key defense witness Dennie Doyle has quietly tipped off the prosecution that he intends to lie. The argument, fascinating in its moral complexity, is far from academic, because the assumption is that if Shanley's view prevails, Doyle is as good as dead.

Aside from that novelette, you may also enjoy the mildly engaging scene in which Deke tells his eight-year-old son how to play hockey without showboating. And Barney Locke's explanation of why a testifying officer should resist the temptation to practice verbal one-upmanship on an obnoxious lawyer (p. 149) is worth reading. So much for the good parts. The rest of the book, as one of George V. Higgins' characters would put it, sucks.

THE FEMALE characters—mainly Deke's wife, Andrea, and his mistress Mad—aren't worth knowing. Higgins seems to think he'd be branded naïvely romantic if he depicted a happy marriage. Every scene involving a married couple shows them bickering, and reading them is as much a waste of time as watching *The Honeymooners*. The fact that Higgins' audience is (probably mostly male is ironic, since so much of his book is soap opera.

His attitude toward Andrea is baffling. It takes him almost the whole book to decide whether her dissatisfaction with her marriage is caused by greed or something more sympathetic. When he finally opts for greed, he overdoes it. There may be a woman who after her husband has bought her a $190 dishwasher, would whine because it can't be delivered the next day; but putting that woman in a novel smacks of loading the dice.

Andrea is such a mercenary shrew that we understand why Deke has a mistress, but not why he picked Mad. To say that she is trashy and whorish would be an understatement; by comparison, *Dinah Brand and Tiffany Ca* were veritable Greer Garsons. Higgins makes her a court reporter, presumably to explain how she met Deke, but she doesn't seem that bright. She might have been an entertainingly funny character, but the author doesn't make the effort. (Whether you like the book's raunchiest scene, in which Mad describes her participation in a wife-swapping session, may depend on whether you think Nancy is a step up from Joe, Friday-wise.)

Higgins has comic talent; you wonder why he doesn't settle down and write something non-serious. His comedy is broad, but with surprising touches of subtlety. " 'Deke, some day I am gonna be the Attorney General. Right, and I'm gonna be Queen Wilhelmina of Holland if I can just find a guy to do the operation and put the silicone in." That "Wilhelmina" somehow funnier than "Juliana" would have been. But the laughs are to

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scattered. For every line that is both dirty and funny, like "He just isn't your basic hard-nosed desperado, that eats nails and fishhooks for breakfast and washes them down with horse piss," a hundred other lines are just dirty, not funny. (Speaking of jokes, did he miss a bet in Chapter 12? After Deke's boss nags him to take the sergeants' exam and is skeptical when Deke agrees, Deke retorts, "I'm gonna go down and cuddle up to the Governor and get to drive his car," etc. Since the conversation takes place in Massachusetts in 1973, you sort of expect the punch line to be something about making sergeant by making Sargent.)

Higgins' famous "realistic dialogue" is often excellent. Any writer will cheer this gem: "and that was July, so it was, it was August he was, he started there." But too much of it is tedious, unnecessarily filthy, and pretentiously florid. (Show me anyone who actually calls the U.S. "the United States of God-blessed America" and I'll eat the Bicentennial flag.)

Remember when Babbitt and his dull city friends discussed the dullness of country people? Don't say no. You've read or viewed it a hundred times even if you missed the original. Paddy Chayefsky, for instance, has made a whole career of rewriting that one damn scene from *Babbitt*, and Arthur Miller won a Pulitzer prize for rewriting it. The unspoken premise of this kind of writing is that dialogue, in order to be realistic, must be banal. God may have made so many of the common people because He loved them, but writers like Miller, Chayefsky, and Higgins may have more snobbish reasons for following His example. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE EXPLORING SPIRIT, *by Daniel Boorstin (Random House, 102 pp., $6.95)*. From the signing of the Mayflower Compact till today, the dominant American characteristic, says Boorstin, has been the exploring spirit. This spirit, he argues convincingly, became part of the American people during their successive pushes west: the settlers were forced to govern themselves, and the experiment with democracy took hold. Boorstin contends less convincingly that the Philadelphia Convention worked to the same end by establishing for the first time in history a state whose foundations were secular and demystified. (Madison's notes on the Convention thus symbolize an experimental procedure.) But Americans are in danger of losing their dominant characteristic under the assaults of a technology which isolates and homogenizes and encourages them to glorify the present. Boorstin softens his admonitions against these tendencies with hope, for he believes that traces of the exploring spirit are still to be found in Congress, the press, and the "skeptical layman." But his history is too informal to demonstrate his arguments. Madison's notebook was not an alembic which distilled transcendent truths from American society. Nor does Boorstin convince one that the same principle which animated the Pilgrims was most recently at work in the committees investigating the CIA. But Boorstin is not really attempting to convince: he is celebrating the American spirit, which he loves and hopes will endure. DANIEL E. RITCHIE

THE TROUBLES, *Ireland: 1912-1922,. by Ulick O'Connor (Bobbs-Merrill, 181 pp., $7.95)*. O'Connor's two previous books are biographies of the Irish raconteurs Oliver St. John Gogarty and Brendan Behan. They are efficient, readable biographies, full of the considerable *mots* of their subjects and likely to be superseded in the future by the scholarly biographies Behan and Gogarty deserve. *The Troubles* is a similar sort of book. It is definitely popular history: anecdotal, literary, familiar, authoritative, objective. O'Connor makes chronological sense out of the years 1912-1922. Parnell is dead by 1891 and his philosophical descendants are anything but lineal. O'Connor vividly sketches Douglas Hyde and his move for a strict culture through his Gaelic League, Arthur Griffith's paper *United Irishman* and its preaching of passive resistance, John Redmond's Irish party in Westminster, Sir Edward Carson's and Andrew Bonar Law's encouragement of the six Ulster counties in their fierce militaristic resistance to the idea of Home Rule for the South. O'Connor catches the complex nature of these men and presents the pattern of their actions as it stood when Pearse and Plunkett and MacDonagh plotted the Easter Rising at St. Enda's in Rathfarnham in 1915. But it was the years following the ill-fated 1916 Easter Rising that were the crucial ones for Irish independence: Sinn Féin, Arthur Griffith's passive-resistance party, was legitimized, and in 1918 it took 73 seats at Westminster and then refused to report. Sinn Féin set up its rival parliament, and slowly the British administration in Dublin began to break up. Bloody guerrilla warfare erupted in Cork and elsewhere. The IRA became the national army of defense, and Michael Collins, perhaps the most revered Irish revolutionary of all, commenced to "put out the eyes of the British" in Ireland. All in ten years. O'Connor manages it well in thirty chapters of literate history-in-a-hurry. MICHAEL C. BROWN

ROUSSEAU: THE SELF-MADE SAINT, *by J. H. Huizinga (Viking, 284 pp., $12.95)*. Jean Jacques Rousseau, author of *Emile*, *The Social Contract*, and *The Confessions*, abandoned all five of his children to a foundling home, although he was a fervent advocate of family life; sought fame and fortune in the literary *salons* of London and Paris, although he was a self-professed hermit; and criticized theater as a malign influence on society, although he was himself a highly acclaimed playwright. The tremendous disparity between Rousseau's actions and his preachments, in addition to his habit of espousing sometimes diametrically opposed opinions (often within a single work), is, in no small measure, responsible for the swirl of controversy that surrounds him: Diderot claimed that he was "false, vain as satan, ungrateful, cruel, hypocritical and malicious," whereas Schiller described him as "a Christ-like soul for whom only the angels of heaven are fit company." The battle between succeeding generations of scholars—J. H. Huizinga being the most recent entrant to the field—has led the contestants, in an effort to establish Rousseau's true nature, to examine even the sage's laundry bills, which occupy 12 pages in the newest edition of collected works. While he is aware of, and to some extent touched by, the magnetic if somewhat erratic charm of Rousseau, Huizinga nevertheless questions the importance ascribed to Rousseau by admirers and critics alike. Rousseau is both blamed and praised for inspiring the French Revolution, yet his political works were largely unread at the time and, out of 1,114 pamphlets printed during 1789-1791, there are only 39 references to Rousseau. Huizinga suggests that Rousseau carried on a life-long campaign of self-promotion—a campaign that was greatly intensified in the last twenty years of his life, when he was writing *The Confessions*—and that his reputation rests largely on the world's acceptance of his self-evaluation rather than on any firm accomplishments. The inherent difficulties of rendering a balanced and accurate portrait of someone who, as Rousseau declared, yielded "to the impression of the moment"—of assigning correct values to a variety of disparate actions and statements and showing which most truly represent Rousseau's character and which should be dismissed as rhetoric—are overcome by Huizinga, who also avoids the temptation to offer an all-encompassing theory of Rousseau's behavior. As his father did in *The Waning of the Middle Ages*, Huizinga has fashioned an entertaining, readable, and informative book, and his occasional use of overworked clichés can be pardoned. JANE MAJESKI

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

M[ELVIN] D. BARGER:

[Occupational] Licensure under Attack.

It is indeed one of the ironies of history that Booker T. Washington urged blacks to learn bricklaying rather than Greek philosophy in order to get ahead, but in our own time it has been easier for a black to become a teacher than to obtain a position as a union bricklayer.

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McGOULDRICK

(Continued from page 1290)

creates high information costs to lenders, which the borrowers must ultimately shoulder by paying higher interest rates or restricting their borrowing to narrow local markets. The simple requirements of amortization payments plus uniform accounting rules and publication of accounts would greatly lower information costs, with resulting substantial savings to medium- and small-sized cities and other local borrowing units. It is true that in former years, local banks might have objected to such broadening of the market for small-city securities; but it is not too much to say that many now privately regard local securities as more of a burden than an earnings bonanza.

Thirdly, the existence and successful functioning of the Fund would create objective market pressures for holdouts to join the Fund. Members would pay lower interest rates on their obligations, and this would focus attention on why non-members have not joined. In addition, interest revenues of the Fund would be tax-exempt, just as liquid-asset revenues of cities are now, so that there would be an earnings penalty to joining other than that of pro-rated costs of Fund Corporation operations.

The reader will have noticed that the Fund would amortize only new debt incurred by cities after they joined. Why not all debt? The reason is technical: a city already prudently managed would find itself paying double amortization if it had been using strip financing and now had to make amortization payments on its old debt. There is the theoretical possibility that this could create a price differential on old and new municipal bonds of members; but the pledge to sin no more (or refrain from initial steps) should rather enhance than injure the value of old debt. And over time, all debt of members would become subject to the Fund provisions as old debt was retired.

This proposal is no panacea for all borrowing problems of our cities, states, and other political subdivisions. If tampered with, e.g., by introducing loan guarantees, it might do more harm than good. But it does promise to alleviate substantially the current borrowing problems of cities and states with no cost to the federal Treasury (other than some initial seed money if the federal corporation route is chosen). As such, it would be a big plus for our bond markets and cities. ▪□

From the shores of Gitche-gumee . . .

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The Panama Canal and General Torrijos

On The Right

Panama City, Oct. 24—In 1968, Panama had another coup, bringing in its 53rd chief executive in 65 years. General Omar Torrijos elected to name himself not "president"—there is a president, Demetrio Lakas, a graduate of Texas Tech—but simply chief of government. They call him "General," and he has lasted, by Panamanian standards, a very long time. This, to be sure, he made easier by abolishing political parties, by courting the Left assiduously while following pragmatic domestic policies, and by dealing with real or fancied opponents by the relatively genteel expedient of offering them trial at home (guaranteed conviction plus jail)—or exile. Your neighbor may very well be someone who once disagreed with General Torrijos.

He established an ideological identity with Americans early on by giving fulsome praise both to Salvador Allende and to Fidel Castro. And as recently as early this year, he took his entire court to Havana for one of those extravagant bouts of sycophancy which Castro appears to need from time to time, like a diabetic's night out at Fanny Farmer's. Torrijos went through the paces, but it should be said in general that he never sounded as extreme in praise of Castro as, say, Echeverria or Trudeau; and, in particular, there was a reassuring episode. He paused at one of Castro's caravanserais, en route somewhere, and a photographer, directed by Castro's brother, maneuvered him for a photograph up against the wall of the living room. After the flashbulb went off, Torrijos looked up and saw that he had been framed against a huge painted red sickle, his own brawny profile supplying the hammer. He was very wroth, the report has it, demanding and then destroying the film. On such flotsam of good news do we reassure ourselves these days.

Is he himself a Communist, or sympathetic to the Communist movement? His reply was the more reassuring for its obliquity. We make friends, he said, where we find them—"as you do." And "the enemy of our enemy is our friend." One doesn't know what Torrijos wants ultimately, but one knows unmistakably what he wants into the foreseeable future, and that is dominion over the Panama Canal.

In this respect he is as unambiguous and as singleminded as Abraham Lincoln when he wrote to Horace Greeley to say that what he wanted was to save the union, and that if the union could be saved by making the United States half slave and half free, that is the policy Lincoln would adopt. As a matter of personal preference (Torrijos said), he tended to admire the politics of Olof Palme of Sweden—short, one necessarily deduces, of Palme's preference for political democracy. But all that is outside the point in the Latin American context, where political democracy simply isn't widely accepted any longer as a *sine qua non* to virtuous and effective government. One assumes that there are Panamanians who lie awake at night dreaming of political freedom. But those one runs into lie awake at night dreaming of a Canal Zone operated by Panamanians, for the benefit of Panama.

Isn't it a fact that the operation of the Canal by the Americans (we have run it as a non-profit enterprise) suggests the huge profits available to the Panamanian government should it take over the Canal? General Torrijos, in small cramped quarters of his single-level, low-middle-income-style FHA house in central Panama, leans back and then with agitation tells you that the matter of the Canal is for the Panamanians "sentimental." That is a word which in Spanish, I am informed, means more than it suggests. It implies patriotism, pride, dignity. Indeed, every day, everywhere, it is presented to visiting Americans as a matter of national pride that the Canal should revert to Panama. A Panamanian cannot move north or south in his own country, under existing arrangements, without subjecting himself to the civil authority of Americans. This much said, it should be stressed that the pressures for the recovery of the Canal Zone, and for the appropriation of the Canal itself, are only one part pride. The talk is entirely open. If the Panamanians managed it, the transit fees would rise one, two, three times, aiming at a ceiling dictated only by commercial resistance. The narrowness of the isthmus is the principal natural resource of the country, they will tell you—reminding you that even back in the colonial period, what is now called Panama derived its principal income from portaging freight across the fifty-mile stretch separating the oceans.

What more can you ask—General Torrijos himself asks—than twenty years more of waiting? He repeats the figure, his dark handsome, humorless features suggesting a General Zapata graduated from the Woodrow Wilson School of Diplomacy. He suggests that there is no greater earnest of his moderation than his willingness to endure a twenty-year transitional period, until the year 2000. It is indelicate to ask what good is his word in such volatile political circumstances as beset most Latin American countries. But I give it as my own opinion that I believe him. In my judgment he is not merely trying to ambush American good nature. □

UP AND COMING

Caracas, Oct. 26—The President of Venezuela is not unlike Hubert Humphrey—enthusiastic, loquacious, warm, with an appetite for life and office unrivaled by the conspicuous leaders of this hemisphere. He is, moreover—again like Humphrey—a superb salesman. There is to begin with his conviction that he has taken the proper measure of most problems, which measure he will communicate to you if, like Jimmy Durante, he has to break the piano in two to do it. And apart from that, he communicates with a jaunty lucidity that incorporates the best of the well-ordered academic mind, while rejecting any dreary traces of pedantry. CAP, as they call Carlos Andrés Pérez, was born to talk to people; to lead. As head of the Acción Democratica, he is president for two and a half years more. Then, under the law of Venezuela, he must step aside for ten years before running for office again. In ten years he'll be younger than Senator Humphrey is now, and I take the opportunity at this moment in Senator Humphrey's convalescence to predict that *twelve and one-half years from now* Humphrey will attend the second inaugural of President CAP.

The achievements of Mr. Pérez are, all things considered, quite phenomenal. It isn't every day that the leader of a foreign country nationalizes something on the order of $150-billion worth of oil, paying $1 billion to the people who discovered that oil and capitalized its development—and leaves them if not exactly smiling, at least not mutinous. President Pérez' for

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nula for arriving at a compensatory price vas marvelous. He reimbursed the oil ompanies for the cost of their drilling igs and refineries, taking the position that he oil itself was at no time the property f the oil investors. It reminds one of the nchanting story by Alexander Woollcott bout the French cadet who won the regiental pool and spent a night with Paris' ost attractive, well, *poule*. The next orning she asked how he had come on he 5,000 francs necessary to buy her servces for the night, and he confessed that is 1,000 fellow cadets had organized a ottery, each man contributing five francs, ne winner to spend the night with the reowned mademoiselle. Overcome with senment, she wept and wept and, recovering erself, walked to her purse, pulled out a ill, and effusively returned to the cadet is five-franc investment.

How would Venezuela continue to atact foreign investors having dealt thus affishly with the oil (and the steel) peole? CAP smiled, and talked about the plendid opportunities in Venezuela for oreign capital, about the convertibility of urrency, the repatriation rights of profits, bout the rapid institutionalization in Venzuela of a democratic order which is the est guarantee against such convulsive urns as are common in Latin America nd discourage foreign capital.

It seems, at first, strange that Venezuela hould need foreign capital. Venezuela is lessed—as few nations outside the Perian Gulf are blessed—with a huge annual ndowment, amounting to something on ne order of one thousand dollars per Venzuelan per year. But CAP and his planers want everything, as soon as possible. Ie will tell you that he thinks it altoether possible that oil as fuel will be nachronized by the end of the century, ven if oil as a petrochemical will be valable into the far reaches of history. Uner the circumstances, burn the oil, spend he money now, develop a strong capital ase, eliminate poverty, raise educational tandards.

IN DOING this he has difficulties, of ourse. Most societies are slow to rise rom lethargy. The Japanese renaissance fter 1870 was something of a miracle, ike so much that is Japanese. For one hing, Venezuelans do not like to stay out n the farms, preferring the city, never nind the squalor of their lives. For anther, generations of what one would emhatically call a pre-Watergate morality nake the journey of a federal dollar dispatched to relieve a poor family notoriously hazardous, arriving, typically, only n highly emaciated form. For still anther, there is the specter of that political nstability which for a while made a mockry of the vaulting rhetoric of the great iberator, Simón Bolivar. One hundred fifty-five governments in one hundred twenty-five years. Mere episodes of self-rule. But beginning fifteen years ago, it appeared the democratic roots had begun to sink. As so often is the case, Venezuelan democrats overdid it, extending the franchise even to the illiterate. But the hard, revolutionary Left has only 6 per cent of the vote, and—CAP smiles—that isn't enough. Although he is prominent as a leader of the Third World, the President has in his office, beside the great canvas of Simón Bolivar, only two busts. One of them is of Abraham Lincoln, the other of Winston Churchill. He ought to have, besides, the scalp of John D. Rockefeller. But he is too good-natured to flaunt his triumphs. □

VENEZUELA LOOKS AROUND

Caracas, Oct. 30—Carlos Andrés Pérez, the President of Venezuela, is passionate on the subject about which almost every Latin American is passionate: national sovereignty. And of course no discussion of national sovereignty can go forward in any other context than the relation between a Latin American country and the United States. A century ago, the Latin American republics thought about liberation in the context of Spain. Domination by Spain is as remote from the imagination as domination by Uruguay. Whereas the United States is the power whose Marines venture even to the shores of Montezuma, and President Pérez will wince as he recalls the American "intervention" in the Dominican Republic as lately as in 1965.

Does this mean that President Pérez regrets the Monroe Doctrine?

No. The Monroe Doctrine was okay for back when it prevailed. In those days—in the early hours after liberation from European colonialism—the little republics of Latin America needed a helping hand from the colossus of the North. But now, the Monroe Doctrine is an anachronism.

How can it be an anachronism if we have the colonization of Cuba going on before our very eyes?

At the mention of Cuba, public officials of Latin America have considerable difficulty. The grand old man of Venezuelan democracy, Romulo Bettancourt, is at once the political godfather of President Pérez and the liveliest enemy of Fidel Castro alive. It was Bettancourt who was substantially responsible for the boycott of Castro by the Organization of American States. His hostility has not lessened. But his protégés, while substantially sharing his sentiments about Castro, find it politically unsuitable to ventilate that hostility, which is why they lean toward the normalization of relations with Castro. Pérez is cagy in discussing the matter. What—he is asked—would Venezuela do if, for instance, Castro proceeded to back a revolution in Jamaica, an international development at least as imminent as the widely discussed Soviet intervention in Yugoslavia? Well, President Pérez would not intervene directly under any circumstances, non-intervention being the supreme commandment in foreign policy. On the other hand, any inchoate threat to Venezuela's own sovereignty would be "realistically dealt with." Well, if Castro, financed by the Soviet Union, should begin to extend his empire, for instance into Jamaica, and then hopscotch his way east along the Caribbean, skipping over, say, Puerto Rico, and the Dominican Republic, would Venezuela sanction—sanctions?

The President of Venezuela here clutches into the Aesopian mode. We begin to talk in terms of the "neutralization" of offensive powers. Questions about how exactly neutralization is effected are neither welcomed, nor answered. Carlos Andrés Pérez is a bright and sophisticated statesman of the new variety. Where Bettancourt would have thought it essential to declare himself with full moral force on the subject of an imperialist Cuba, his protégé would move circumspectly, obliquely, always avoiding confrontation, even rhetorical.

PÉREZ IS conscious of the latent power of the Third World community. He is happy to work as an agent of that power. Venezuela, with its huge wealth, its optimistic democratic inclinations, is perfectly situated to act as something of a bridge between the Third World and the West. If such countries as Venezuela are detached from the Third World bloc, would it not mean that such countries as Libya and Iraq would take over the leadership of that bloc unopposed? Venezuela, facing such problems as potential Castro expansionism, thinks in terms of pressures jointly exercisable alongside Costa Rica and Mexico. These require, in the opinion of the president of Venezuela, extreme care not to give the impression that Venezuelan foreign policy is in any sense an instrument of American foreign policy: this would blow the whole operation, leaving his policy exposed to the criticism and even the ridicule of the Left. One has the impression that militant action by Venezuela in international affairs requires the presumption that it is action taken independently of American foreign policy.

Venezuela, with its triumphant victory over its local Left-totalitarians in the last election, is cocky, perhaps even complacent about the threat of Caribbean Communism. An American observer is forced to reserve judgment. It wasn't, after all, Venezuelan foreign policy that created Fidel Castro. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Handy timepieces — 70 109 37 52 228 166 176 201 211 209 / 3 26

B. To impress with sudden fear — 93 43 63 144 178 116 11 138

C. Group of islands whose inhabitants speak the palindromic Malayalam — 157 212 35 121 153 169 72 184 9

D. Number of troops one of the kings had (Luke 14:31) — 1 10 16 38 45 90 114 41 122 132 / 159 172 207 88

E. THREE ACES, INC. — 161 226 193 36 107 130 57 135 140 78 / 141 200

F. Originator of saying "Thank God, it's Friday!" — 50 142 89 115 163 222 6 59 65 75 / 82 102 108 152

G. A devastating surprise — 189 118 123 94 165 137 79 213 227

H. The type of present a Democrat would like to give the G. O. P. — 134 13 34 66 190 80 92 103 110 139 / 49 175 187

I. To dismiss from office — 31 42 54 68 15 20

J. Not capable of being damaged or hardened — 167 19 30 55 86 160 174 188 215 56

K. A mouthful, even in the Sandwich Islands — 231 77 131 124 97 182 67 180 74

L. A small leaping homopterous insect — 27 96 101 112 2 149 195 7 32 111

M. What Thomas De-Quincey was (he admitted it) — 29 181 202 230 83 91 104 148 158 162

N. *Quasimodo's* headquarters — 69 220 73 196 62 186 206 171 99

O. What pollsters try to do (with poor results) — 4 47 53 39 60 95 24 28 64 81 / 14 40 51

P. One of the positions in baseball — 71 117 173 199 204 224 219 5 22 33

Q. An abstract — 87 198 125 133 179 191 147

R. To dishearten — 150 164 155 194 214 126

S. Wages and prices might be frozen while this is being built — 170 146 216 12 18

T. You'll find this between *pea* and *radish* in a comic dictionary — 203 119 17 46 225 84 210 100

U. There was never yet philosopher that could endure the _____ patiently — 208 192 197 127 205 217 21 229 85

V. Remove obscurity from — 58 8 168 44 76 98 105 145 177 185

W. Result — 223 143 218 61 23 154 128

X. To have a short winter, sign 90-day _____ — 221 183 136 129 120

Y. Safe — 113 25 106 156 151 48

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1304 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

				1 D	2 L	3 A		4 O	5 P	6 F	7 L	8 V	9 C		10 D	11 B	12 S		13 H
14 O	15 I	16 D		17 T	18 S	19 J	20 I		21 U	22 P	23 W	24 O	25 Y	26 A	27 L		28 O	29 M	
30 J	31 I	32 L	33 P	34 H	35 C	36 E	37 A	38 D	39 O		40 O	41 D	42 I		43 B	44 V	45 D	46 T	47 O
48 Y		49 H	50 F	51 O		52 A	53 O	54 I	55 J		56 J	57 E	58 V	59 F	60 O	61 W	62 N		63 B
64 O	65 F	66 H	67 K	68 I	69 N		70 A	71 P	72 C	73 N	74 K	75 F	76 V		77 K	78 E	79 G	80 H	81 O
82 F	83 M	84 T	85 U	86 J	87 Q	88 D		89 F	90 D		91 M	92 H	93 B	94 G	95 O	96 L	97 K	98 V	99 N
	100T	101L	102F	103H	104M	105V	106Y	107E		108F	109A		110H	111L	112L	113Y	114D	115F	116B
117P	118G	119T	120X		121C	122D	123G	124K	125Q	126R	127U	128W	129X	130E		131K	132D	133Q	
134H	135E	136X	137G		138B	139H	140E		141E	142F	143W	144B	145V	146S	147Q		148M	149L	
150R	151Y	152F	153C	154W		155R	156Y	157C	158M	159D		160J	161E	162M	163F	164R	165G		166A
167J	168V	169Q		170S	171N	172D	173P	174J	175H	176A	177V	178B	179Q	180K		181M	182K	183X	184C
185V	186N		187H	188J		189G	190H		191Q	192U	193E	194R		195L	196N	197U	198Q	199P	200E
201A	202M	203T		204P	205U	206N	207D		208U	209A	210T		211A	212C	213G	214R	215J	216S	217U
218W	219P	220N	221X	222F		223W	224P		225T	226E	227G	228A	229U	230M	231K				

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When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: But when I became a man, I put away childish things. — *I Corinthians*

SCM SMITH-CORONA

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